

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,554, Vol. 98.

8 October, 1904.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	445	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Literary Men on the Stage. By Max Beerbohm	457	Experts in English. By the Rev. R. C. Faithfull	461
The Advance towards Tariff Reform	448	Cornish Sketches: The Colours of Cornwall. By Arthur Symonds	458	REVIEWS:	
Sir William Harcourt	449	CORRESPONDENCE:		Criticism and Mr. Saintsbury	461
The Liverpool Church Congress	450	"Russia as It is Not." By Carl Joubert	459	The Psalms in the Hands of the Restorer	462
"Furs and Frauds"	451	Canada Life Assurance. By A. D. Cheyne	459	The True Cavalry Spirit	463
Figures of the Fiscal Question—III.	452	The Fashionable Doctor	460	NOVELS	464
THE CITY	453	Sir Gilbert Parker's Puppets. By Sir Gilbert Parker M.P.	460	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	466
INSURANCE	454			THE OCTOBER REVIEWS	466
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:					
The Making of "Make"	454				
Schools of Music. By John F. Runciman	455				

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

For rather more than a fortnight we have had no authentic news of importance from the Far East, except General Stössel's official account of the attack on Port Arthur in September. He estimates the Japanese losses at 10,000, the price of two captured forts. Almost all other reports come from Chefoo, where every flashlight or gun report is magnified by the imaginative Chinese on the junks into a great battle. A great number of these junks evidently run the blockade, though very many are captured; and we have no sort of evidence that food or ammunition in Port Arthur is running low. For a month or more no special correspondent to an English paper has sent a single message from the neighbourhood of Port Arthur, an unprecedented success in censorship of which the Japanese military authorities have every reason to be proud. The severity of the censor seems also to have increased in the north whence two at any rate of the more prominent correspondents have recently returned to Tokio.

General Kuropatkin has been forced to telegraph a contradiction of one very foolish little rumour which had apparently been widely credited. He was accused of allowing the ancient burying ground of the Manchu dynasty to be desecrated and the trees cut down. The Russians are the last people in the world to countenance such Gothic contempt for the religion of the country. The half-Eastern instincts with which they are often enough credited at least imply a perception of the wisdom of tolerance towards Eastern religion. We have reason for believing that General Kuropatkin has gone out of his way to ensure the sanctity of this spot. While all the military authorities were insisting on the wisdom of a retreat to Tieling, it was urged in the East that to surrender Mukden would be accepted by the Chinese, to whom the city means much, as a final confession of defeat. It is possible that General Kuropatkin, in recognition of this feeling, will not be guided solely by military considerations as to the defence of Mukden.

A sort of reply to the Tsar's complimentary estimate of "the high military qualities" of the Japanese has been delivered by Count Okuma in Tokio before the joint counting-houses. Even the Tsar's easy allusion to the need of finishing the war rapidly is paralleled in

the unconscious humour of Count Okuma's advice to Japan not to underestimate the magnitude of the Russian Empire. A glance at the map proclaims the full irony of the warning. Count Okuma, recommending the bankers to husband resources, based his financial calculations on the assumption of two more years of fighting, which he considered would cost Japan not less than £200,000,000. The Japanese themselves at any rate are not led by the sentiment of their admirers into any excess of confidence. The speech was statesmanlike and dignified except perhaps in one curious side allusion. Count Okuma was not speaking with Government authority, but it was a curious slip in diplomatic usage for a man in his position to illustrate the solidity of the Russian Empire by allusion to the efforts of the Kaiser "to court the favour of the Russian autocrat"; nor does the Russian Empire yet need such extrinsic evidence.

The return from Lhasa was begun just in time. Even as things were the cold was intense and the accounts of the experience of the troops over the high passes are in the idiom of arctic exploration. But even the extremest hardships of cold are healthy and the whole force reached Gyantse in safety on Thursday. The further account of the political achievement of the mission seems to have given some comfort in Russia. The treaty was not signed by the Chinese Amban, through exigencies of time, nor by the Dalai Lama, through exigencies of space; and some considerable period must intervene before the treaty can be accepted as a legal instrument. But the effect of the mission may be not less tangible and immediate for this period of suspension. Indeed the Government will have the greater compulsion to maintain communications and occupy the Chumbi Valley. In the interval such action is as likely to keep up respectful memory of the British force as even a treaty on a single sheet of paper signed by both Amban and Dalai Lama.

The regulations for the administration of Swaziland proclaimed in Pretoria on Monday are not a little belated. The country has been in a state of what may be called suspended anarchy ever since the Boer Government came to an end. It is without a capital, though the deficiency, in the light of recent Australian endeavours, may not be entirely a drawback. What is more important is that it has been without a legal system, which is now to be remedied by a system of circuit courts. The great problem in the development of the country is the same as in other parts of South Africa, how to induce the native to seek his livelihood by other means than the work of his wives, which like "the enterprising burglar" he loves to watch while he basks in the sun. But it is expected that next year Swaziland may come within the South African Customs

Union and its position makes it of cardinal importance in African trade. It lies along the little bit of Portuguese territory which separates British South Africa from Delagoa Bay; and the value of an outlet to the sea, which prompted President Kruger's schemes in Swaziland and Tonga, has been continually enhanced ever since.

M. Delcassé must have shown rather more than his usual capacity for impressing his own will if the accounts of the agreement with Spain, as published in the French press, have any authority. In general the agreement is no more than the form of Spanish adhesion to the Anglo-French agreement, but it goes into some curious details as to the preliminaries for what is now freely called the partition of Morocco. But for one clause Spain would have no particular reason to complain of the treaty. Her "zone of influence" is extended so far east as to include Tangier and Tetuan, while France is given the same shadowy influence over the territories appertaining to the Shereef el Wazzan; but a qualification that sounds almost sarcastic is inserted to the effect that this treaty shall not come into operation for fifteen years. Tangier is now dominated by France. Who knows whether France or any other Power will fifteen years hence have the opportunity, if she has the desire, to carry out so ancient an arrangement? It is more than probable that it will be forgotten, if not discredited, long before that date.

What was easily to be foretold of President Roosevelt's declared intention to propose a Peace Congress for intervention in the war has already occurred. It was never anything but a piece of electioneering to meet the charge of militarism made against him. We suppose his opponents have shown the folly of the idea, and against the new attack the candidate must have a new defence. Hence he finds out, what he all along knew as well as they, that the present is not the time to call a Peace Congress. The thirteenth International Peace Conference, which opened its sittings at Boston on Monday, is to discuss the most effective way of urging the Powers to use their good offices to put an end to the war. Well, Congresses must talk about something when they meet. Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, has paid it polite attention. He promises, when the war is over, to invite the attention of the nations to establish the exemption of all private property at sea except contraband from seizure by the belligerents. This is an old subject, very little feasible; but much less heroic than the project of intervention that has collapsed.

What a flutter was made by Mr. Balfour's Edinburgh speech. He must surely have been greatly surprised. He makes a speech simply restating his fiscal position in terms almost identical with those of many former speeches, except in one particular. Then he finds all the little politicians on both sides agog with excitement about his speech, analysing it and examining every point, with the exception of the one new thing he said, which was of real national importance and left the commentators entirely unmoved. Mr. Balfour now endorses Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of an imperial conference to discuss the fiscal question, and says that, if returned to power after next election, he will immediately take steps to summon such a conference. This important statement is nothing to the gossips in club and press, who are absorbed in the speculation whether Mr. Balfour, when he declared against protection, as he had always done before, meant to "chuck Joe", and would "Joe take it lying down"? Really the average politician seems to take the policy of preference, with all its possibilities for good or for ill, just as a game of cards or counters. His talk makes one think of Cranford, where all the old ladies played Preference. Every moment one expects to hear "You have got Spadassin!"

Mr. Chamberlain at Luton on Wednesday was quite entitled to take Mr. Balfour's speech as an advance towards the policy of preferential tariffs. He is necessarily pleased at Mr. Balfour's acceptance of the suggestion of an imperial conference, but he would prefer that it were not called until the main issue had been put before the electorate and settled. He endorsed Mr. Balfour's repudiation of protection proper. Gene-

rally the Luton speech further accentuated the opinion we had expressed before that the agricultural problem was the most difficult for the policy of preference to deal with. Mr. Chamberlain had no difficulty in showing that the case of agriculture was critical; but he was not so successful in showing that preferential tariffs would greatly help it. This aspect of the fiscal question has not been worked out. We shall be greatly interested to see what the Tariff Commission will make of agriculture.

Nothing more whole-hearted has been said in the colonies on the value of preferential trade than the conclusion of the president's speech at the Manufacturers' Association of Canada. The passage was omitted in the first account of the meeting. "As business men" he said "we are all, I am sure, agreed that the best, safest and surest way to effect a permanent consolidation of imperial interests is through the medium of a mutual arrangement by which each section of the Empire will grant to the products of the others a preference as against the products of foreign labour". The conviction so expressed demands the greater attention in England because the president took care to indicate that patriotic as their motives were, if some preferential arrangement were not made within the Empire, it must eventually be made with the United States. People are fond in England of preaching friendship for the country they call America. In some of them this friendship does not shrink even from the tribute of self-sacrifice.

Mr. Burns, Mr. Bell and the "Daily Chronicle" had such difficulty in believing that Mr. Watson, the Labour leader in Australia, could differ from themselves that they combined to ask him if his cabled sentiments were genuine. In spite of an urgent plea accompanying the question Mr. Watson has been rude enough to answer that he is a thorough supporter of preferential trade, which he believes necessary to imperial union, and begs Mr. Burns not to reject this opportunity. Mr. Deakin's negative is even more categorical. Mr. Burns, he suggests, should dissociate himself from "Little Englander economics" and remember that Australians have no sordid motives. It is painful for the "Daily Chronicle" to find antipodean labour so "Deaf to Reason".

The Miners' Federation and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have each been holding conferences. Many of their topics are of perennial importance, such as old age pensions and the eight hours day, or the duty of employers to provide voluntarily or compulsorily the means of safety for their employes, and they have been perennially discussed. The railway men have however special stimulus in the new dangers they incur through the electrification of railways which is taking place so generally. Mr. Richard Bell persuaded the Railway Society to endorse his action in refusing to submit to the Labour Representation Committee which is now dominating the Trade Unions' Congress. Mr. Bell's speech was an able defence of Labour representatives refusing to be bound within the narrow limits of an organisation which would isolate them from general political objects. The Miners' Federation has not with equal wisdom taken the same view; and it has accepted the principle of "the political independence of all Labour members in Parliament".

Mr. Beachcroft was well entitled to the honour done him on Thursday by the complimentary dinner given by his colleagues of the Metropolitan Water Board in recognition of the valuable work he has done on that body. Mr. Long, who was naturally present as President of the Local Government Board, referred to the distress which appears to be hanging so threateningly over the metropolis and elsewhere with the approach of winter. Mr. Long with official optimism qualified well-based forebodings by hopeful commonplaces but the important point was his announcement that he had asked the guardians of the London Unions to meet him next week in conference to discuss the whole question. That is a very proper step to take. It would have been perhaps better if representatives from other parts of the country as well could have been summoned.

In his speech at the Cutlers' feast on Thursday Mr. Arnold-Forster went perhaps as far as he dared when he spoke of conscription. The tone of the reference differed markedly from some of his recent pronouncements. He practically said that his sympathy was with the conscription school. Almost as if speaking an apologia, he gave advocates of conscription the credit of an exclusive recognition of the need of self-sacrifice in the nation at large. We must believe that in his official struggles with the means by which his reformation was to be effected he has finally come to the conviction that the recruiting of sufficiently healthy and intelligent men is the basis "even of the latest scheme", and that this can hardly be made effective without some system of compulsory service.

We are glad to see that Mr. Brodrick has written a letter disclaiming responsibility for initiating changes of uniform whilst War Secretary. These frequent changes are excessively irritating to officers who have to pay for them, because they know perfectly well that there is no finality in the matter, and that when they have cast away serviceable uniform one year they will be obliged to cast away more in about three years' time. But changes of the men's uniform affect the taxpayer; and as Secretaries of State naturally cannot care for the appearance of the troops, they of course object to these changes in clothing, for the simple reason that they cost money. During the late War Office régime an appalling number of changes were proposed by the military authorities; and no small part of Mr. Brodrick's time was taken up in resisting vexatious and frivolous demands.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been displaying at Cardiff and Barmouth all the pettifoggery ingenuity of an attorney in suggestions for observing the Education Act in the letter while thwarting the object for which it was passed. The plan is to get a case against the voluntary schools for defects in structure and arrangements so that they may be declared in default. This would be the defence for refusing to administer the Act when the Education Board proposes to supersede them. He sneered at the Merionethshire Committee for its generosity to sectarianism because it has not agreed to put the precious scheme into effect. They had broken the law he said in order to inflict a loss of £1,000 upon the Church schools, but broke it in another way, that is by declining his plan, in order to save the schools £4,000 or £5,000 on the buildings. The alarm of the teachers at the prospect of the schools being closed through the Education Committee refusing to administer the Act he soothes by assuring them that their salaries will be paid by the Emergency Committee for at least eighteen months. We shall see the working out of this policy at the Welsh National Convention which has been sitting at Cardiff during the week.

People say of Sir William Harcourt that he died as his active interests in life were coming to an end. He was, in fact, just beginning to rejoice in a new form of energy. His affection for Nuneham, which belonged to his father, was intensely strong; it came into his possession just as he retired from Parliament and had the full leisure he desired to restore the house and property to its old state. The neglect of the place in recent years had been a real grief to him, and it was a corresponding delight when he knew that he and his son would have the opportunity of restoration. Humorists have delighted in calling him "the Squire of Malwood". He would perhaps have sooner been known as the Squire of Nuneham than by any other title, and was every day, even on the eve of his death, busy at squire's work.

Of recent years in Parliament Sir William Harcourt was perhaps never quite so happy as whilst carrying his death-duties scheme through the House with a high hand, but with temper rarely ruffled. In those days he was leader of his party in all but the name, Lord Rosebery being not more thought of in this capacity than the least member of his Government. Sir William latterly always seemed to us to be at his best after dinner. His solemn set speeches in the afternoon were not by any means always impressive. After dinner he would be in high spirits at times, full of brilliant retort and of phrases many of which were undoubtedly coined

then and there. He liked whilst in opposition to turn up quite late in the evening and ruffle Tory serenity. One can recall a brilliant and irresponsible performance of the kind which disturbed a debate on Irish affairs. Mr. Madden, the Irish law officer, who was leading the House with skill and success at the moment, was exasperated at the intrusion which upset all his plans. He accused Sir William of "flaring into a debate" of which he knew nothing, and in an instant the equable mood of the House changed to one of passion.

Sir William could not assume the mask which Disraeli always wore when exposed to taunt in a full and eager House. Dull people have never ceased to gloat over the scene in the House when Sir William, attacked by his friend Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, completely lost his temper and flung out of the House with an expression of patrician contempt. He was probably unwell at the time—there is no other explanation of it. Far more interesting was a scene between himself and Mr. Chamberlain one night a few years later. Mr. Chamberlain had been speaking rather unguardedly on foreign policies and recommending several alliances for this country. A speech by Lord Salisbury gave a cold douche to several of these ideas. Whereupon Sir William Harcourt girded at Mr. Chamberlain with great effect for more than an hour in the House of Commons. The Liberals were intoxicated with delight, and the Tories even on the front bench were hard put to it to hide their smiles.

Mr. Chamberlain bore it very well, though he could not wholly disguise signs of suffering. Springing to the table immediately Sir William sat down, he began his speech by saying in effect: "Perhaps it is true that Lord Salisbury and I do not see eye to eye in these matters: but what of it? There have been more remarkable instances than this of disagreement between Cabinet Ministers": then—looking straight at Sir William—"there was a case not long since of a Prime Minister and his chief supporter in this House who were not on talking terms". Bridling with vexation at this totally unexpected *tu quoque* Sir William half rose as if to contradict, but sank back with a gesture of contempt into his seat. It was terribly rough play, but none the less next week Mr. Chamberlain was staying at Malwood. Political opponents are generally the best of friends in English public life. It is more often the colleague who hates. But the honest dunder-headed outsider can never be brought to understand this. He imagines that members of the Government he supports with his vote love each other and dislike their political opponents!

We are still without any clear explanation of the cause of the Llanelly railway accident. All that is known is that the leader of the two engines on the train left the line and fell down the embankment; considering the pace of the train at the time, it is remarkable that the disaster was not worse. Only three lives were lost and about fifty people injured. At this time of year the night mail from Milford is always a heavy train and the momentum must have been enormous. The courage of a fireman who lost his life in staying to shut off the steam probably saved an explosion; and the presence of a doctor in the train, who was happily not too badly hurt to give his help, saved a good deal of pain. It is more probable that some slight flaw in the permanent way was to blame than any collapse in the engine; but it is remarkable in the history of railway accidents how very rarely the gangers, a set of men whose conscientious work is perhaps not enough appreciated, are responsible for any omissions. A slight accident at S. Neots many years ago is the only occasion we can remember.

The "Keiros" and "Yoga"—we would not deprive the reader of these picturesque names which have so caught the fancy of the public—have come out of their ordeal very well. They may indeed say with Shylock "You do take my life when you do take the means whereby I live"; but they must remember that their occupation, trade, or art has always been forbidden by law. When the law believed in witches and diviners it used to burn them; now when it sees in them nothing but pretenders it still regards them as unlawful because

there may be some who believe in them. It is not to be regretted that the Judge relaxed the severity which too often marks his sentences. Palmistry is certainly illegal but if its modern practice has nothing more serious in it than was disclosed in this trial prosecutions hardly seem worth undertaking. Many people find a certain mixture of truth and fantasy in it which appeals to them, and if there are malpractices they might very well be left to the police or persons really injured to hunt down. Nobody in fact who was injured came forward, and there was not a shadow of anything like a grave public evil disclosed.

If Judge Willis K.C. were not known as an impulsive and somewhat irresponsible person, his speech at the Baptist Congress at Bristol would call for the serious notice of the Lord Chancellor. It is surely indecorous in the highest degree for a judge, even of a County Court, to refer to the judgment of the House of Lords (including of course the Lord Chancellor who appointed him), as "an outrage". It is perhaps needless to explain that the judgment in question was that which restored its property to the Free Kirk of Scotland. Judge Willis would be a theologian; happily the law lords would not. But the outrage, if outrage there be, is the surrender of a County Court judge to his religious emotions on a pure question of law.

The Church Congress has been busy all the week at Liverpool. Busy is the precise term fitted to describe its proceedings. There is too much of the fussy element, that ineffectual activity which is always so happy in never being equal to its burden, about all these annual congresses, British Association, Trades Congress, Teachers' meetings, and the rest; but perhaps the Church Congress is the most irritating of them all. Its themes are so serious, so far transcending in dignity those of the other gatherings, that it is not less than revolting to find the "atmosphere" of Church Congresses, so far from being markedly supra-mundane, essentially of this world, and in some things even trivial. It is time this gathering were either dropped or at any rate trimmed in frequency; a congress every fourth year would be an immense improvement. The Church Congress is so painfully futile; it does not even produce the one really important address. Now the British Association at any rate does that.

And yet the Congress this year met under a bishop of exceptionally large calibre. Dr. Chavasse certainly could have given the Congress an address of some importance; but he preferred not to do so. He knew his audience and gave them just a pleasant talk. No doubt there are many distinguished speakers but they do not say distinguished things. The conditions are impossible. The Congress tends more and more to be the hobby of a distinct type, that loves to run after meetings of this kind year by year. An uglier feature has shown itself this time. Advertisement has come in. The organisers have tried to advertise the Congress by inviting speakers who desire to advertise themselves. It would be interesting to know what is the precise fitness of Mr. G. K. Chesterton to lecture to the assembled Church. However we may be thankful that Miss Corelli was not invited to explain to the Congress the nature of Satan or of God's good man.

We really cannot treat the statement which Mr. Alfred Austin makes in his new book about Shelley's grave in the flippant spirit of the daily press. "Boshing" the poet laureate is all very well, where his literary performances are concerned, but surely it is a very different matter when he confesses that he has been scraping Shelley's grave in Rome and planting pansies about it. He says he removed the lichen from the stone. The lichen, the grass and the rain and wind—these only can make a tombstone sightly, and gradually take from it that unflinching sense of oppression which it leaves upon us. At any rate none but a member of Shelley's own family has the moral right to touch the grave or stone. Mr. Austin says that he obtained permission; but the authorities ought not to give it. We view the matter with much distaste. The representatives of this country in Rome should make a strong protest against any interference with the graves of Keats and Shelley.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS TARIFF REFORM.

THE little minds, to whom politics mean nothing but parties and policy nothing but place, have been terribly excited by the two political speeches of this week. They have been great both in prediction and inference; their busyness has overflowed from the clubs to the street and from the street to the press. And all this wealth of curious regard has been expended on aspects of these two speeches purely ephemeral in interest, of apparent rather than real importance, though the speeches had other aspects of deeper national significance than ninety out of every hundred political speeches can present. It is very seldom that a statesman has so important a measure to present as the imperial conference proposed by Mr. Balfour in his speech at Edinburgh and discussed by Mr. Chamberlain at Luton. But the interest of such a conference was as nothing to these petty politicians compared with the absorbing question whether Mr. Balfour meant to snub Mr. Chamberlain; and how Mr. Chamberlain would take it. It is of course the cue of Radical papers, such as the "Westminster Gazette", to do what it can to promote belief in strained relations between the two Unionist leaders, as it is also their cue to throw as far as possible in the background practical proposals such as an imperial conference to discuss fiscal policy. But Unionists should be able to see through this surely very obvious manœuvre. No one who read through Mr. Balfour's speech could possibly mistake its meaning, but unfortunately people read comments on speeches more than the speeches themselves. Take Mr. Balfour's speech any way we will, the only results that can be got from it are these: he is against Protection proper; he is convinced that the present commercial organisation of the empire cannot last and that some imperial tariff system will have to be devised, and he proposes a conference of the different British communities to consider whether anything ought to be done in this direction and if so what. He further expressed his conviction that the conference would decide that something ought to be done. Compare these resultants of Mr. Balfour's speech with what he has said before, and we find a modification only in one item. Whereas before he was against an imperial fiscal conference now he is in favour of it; and the tone of his references to imperial preference is more definitely favourable than has been the case hitherto. His pronouncement as to protection is neither new nor in any way a modification of anything he has said before. No more is it a modification or departure from anything Mr. Chamberlain has said. Mr. Chamberlain was merely accurate when he said at Luton that he had never proposed that we should go back to protection. Whether his proposals, or Mr. Balfour's, do or do not amount to protection is a different matter; the present question is of the agreement or difference between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Both of them, whatever the real nature of their policy, believe that it is not protective and take their stand on that belief. And their views of what is protection agree. The difference between them remains precisely what it was before, not one of principle, not one of statesmanship, but a difference of times and seasons only. Mr. Chamberlain thinks the time is ripe to put the whole policy of imperial preferential tariffs before the country; Mr. Balfour does not, but would wait a season. In the meantime the two leaders have drawn appreciably closer together in their agreement on a practical step, the summoning of an imperial conference to discuss the whole fiscal question.

But here too they differ on a matter of times and seasons. Mr. Balfour would summon the conference before this country and the other nations of the empire had made up their minds on the main issue, Mr. Chamberlain would do it after. This seems to mean, though it has not been expressly said by either, that Mr. Balfour regards a conference as a means to the preparation of public opinion, Mr. Chamberlain as an instrument for giving that public opinion effect. Mr. Balfour wants the conference to meet first and the people to be consulted second; Mr. Chamberlain the other way. Mr. Balfour admits frankly that the logical way is to get the principle, the main issue whether there shall be a system

of imperial preferential tariffs or not, settled first, and then, if (or when) the British people have endorsed the policy, call a conference, which would be in effect a committee of the empire, to express that policy in a scheme of tariffs. We fancy when Mr. Balfour goes more deeply into the question he will think this not only the more logical but also the more practical suggestion. The members of the conference must be selected by somebody. Who is to do it? Presumably the governments of the respective imperial contingents. On what principle of selection? Is every cabinet to appoint only those with whose fiscal views it agrees? In that case we must say, in passing, it would be interesting to see whom the present imperial Cabinet would appoint. If that principle is adopted, the decisions of the conference will depend entirely on the party or ministry in power in the different parts of the empire at the moment; and the whole matter will be prejudged, though it has never been deliberately put before the electorates. If, on the other hand, the governments carefully appoint representatives of both fiscal views in equal numbers, the conference will result in nil. Lastly it may be suggested that absolutely independent men should be appointed whose fiscal views the appointing power does not know. That is obviously impossible. Those who have the responsibility of appointing members to a conference of such profound and far-reaching importance will want to know something of the men they appoint, and if they know anything about them at all, they cannot be ignorant of their fiscal opinions. On the whole we believe that it will be found impossible to get together a conference until the different electorates have decided yes or no on the main issue. And if it could be convened we have some doubt if it ought. The powers who happened to appoint the members of the conference would be exercising an undue influence over public opinion. The decision of the conference would almost certainly carry the electorate in every part of the empire. From an electioneering point of view we do not doubt that the appointment of such a conference before the question was submitted to the electors would be a very good stroke for the tariff reformers' side; for with Mr. Balfour we have very little doubt what would be the result of the debates and the discussions. But the tariff question is of too great imperial importance for electioneering considerations to be allowed to come in. If this policy is to be carried, so carried as to be lasting, it must be done by no coup and no cleverness: it must be the outcome of the wish of the whole British people. Reverse the process, ascertain the wishes of the electorate first and the whole thing becomes perfectly simple. If the election in this country, contested deliberately on this issue, goes against preferential tariffs, the question falls for the occasion. Not until a general election in the United Kingdom, as in the majority and more important of the colonies, has decided in favour of the new tariff policy, can a fiscal conference reasonably, in our view, be summoned. But that condition precedent being satisfied, a conference would be of the greatest use. A committee and only a committee could settle the details of the policy the people had endorsed in general terms. Such a conference would necessarily consist only of those who agreed with the policy accepted by the empire, saving, perhaps, the representatives of a possible dissentient minority of colonies or dependencies. We have said that if such a minority were of any serious proportions, the policy could not be proceeded with. A very small minority however need hardly be allowed to frustrate the wishes of the vast majority of the empire, but it would be entitled to have its representatives at the congress.

When the conference has drawn up its scheme and reported, are its recommendations to be binding on the various governments or only advisory, and so liable to be amended or rejected, with the result that the whole business would have to be done over again? By Act of Parliament it probably would be possible for the various legislatures to confer on the conference such authority that its scheme of tariffs would ipso facto become law; for the scheme would in form be but a schedule in blank to the Act of Parliament constituting the conference. This would be very much the more

excellent way, but we doubt whether the House of Commons and the colonial legislatures would have the courage to adopt it.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

"CALL no man happy until he is dead" was the shrewd saying of the ancients, which Sir William Harcourt's end has helped to illustrate and justify. Ten years ago one would have been inclined to say that Sir William Harcourt had missed his mark, and was an unhappy man. But a good deal has happened since then. In the first place, events have proved that Queen Victoria, in not sending for Sir William Harcourt when Mr. Gladstone retired, made one of the few political blunders of her life. Mr. John Morley has stamped with authenticity the common rumour that Mr. Gladstone, if consulted, would have advised the Queen to send for Lord Spencer. But the Queen consulted nobody, and sent for Lord Rosebery, who was Sir William Harcourt's junior by nearly twenty years. It was a bitter affront from the Sovereign to an old servant of the Crown; and Sir William Harcourt took it, like the grand seigneur that he was, with a bow and a smile. But the mistake was more disastrous to the Liberal party than to Sir William Harcourt. For the dissolving view of anarchy that followed simply proved that Sir William Harcourt, not Lord Rosebery, ought to have been Prime Minister. Sir William Harcourt would have been more than human if he had not drawn some solace from the spectacle of his younger rival's discomfiture. And there were other consolations. Sir William Harcourt, like Mr. Chamberlain, lived more for his son than for himself; and Mr. Harcourt, after the bitterness of 1894, made an excellent marriage. Finally, by an unexpected failure of the elder brother's line, the family place, Nuneham, spreading its wooded banks to the Thames in one of the most beautiful reaches between Oxford and Abingdon, came into the possession of Sir William Harcourt. Surely few statesmen have had a happier end than Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

The combination of the lawyer and the politician is more often successful than any other in our public life. In a popular assembly, which governs by discussion, the lawyer's tongue will, as a rule, carry a man farther than weight of purse or length of pedigree. They may say what they like about lawyers being unpopular and despised in the House of Commons. It is untrue. Lawyers can find words when other men are dumb; and the success of the Broughams, the Harcourts, the Asquiths, and the Haldanes refutes the popular dictum. Mr. Vernon Harcourt appeared at the parliamentary bar just before the great tide of railway business that made the fortunes of Charles Austin, and Hope Scott, and Venables, had ebbed. In 1855 a young man belonging to an aristocratic Yorkshire family, with a fine voice and a tall figure, had still an opening. And Mr. Vernon Harcourt took full advantage of his opportunity. It was at this time that the antagonism between Sir Edmund Beckett and the future Minister developed itself. Nearly thirty years later, when Beckett was leader of the parliamentary bar and Harcourt was Home Secretary, it burst again into flame during the inquiry by a committee into the purchase of the London water companies. In the ten or twelve years that followed it is said that Vernon Harcourt made between £30,000 and £40,000 out of his practice, and with this sum he ventured his barque upon the ocean of politics. Although Vernon Harcourt entered Parliament as a lawyer, and although in 1873 Gladstone made him Solicitor-General, in the technical or tradesman sense of the term he never was a lawyer. It is hardly necessary to say that practice at the parliamentary bar has nothing to do with law. The proceedings before committees on private bills are inquiries into facts by a lay tribunal, which does not even observe the law of evidence. Vernon Harcourt, it is true, made a reputation by writing letters to the "Times" on International Law, which were full of erudition and acumen. But international law, again, is a theoretical subject, and has nothing to do with the law of the Courts of

Justice. If we except Sir John Gorst, there probably never was a Solicitor-General who knew less about his business than Sir William Harcourt, as no one knew better than himself. From 1874 to 1880 Sir William Harcourt passed through that most uncomfortable period, which comes to all politicians, when they are not sure whether they are going to sink into hell or rise to heaven. Sir William Harcourt had practically abandoned his profession; he had fallen foul of Gladstone over Church matters; and he was being encouraged by Disraeli. The election of 1880 changed all that. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches rather overshadowed the other participants in the fray. But next to the great chief Sir William Harcourt undoubtedly stood out as a great electioneering gladiator. He was rewarded by being made Home Secretary, and in 1880 Sir William Harcourt passed with a bound from the rank of a political adventurer to that of a statesman of the first class. The years between 1880 and 1885 were memorable in our domestic annals; and the debt which the nation owes to the coolness and courage of the Home Secretary of those years has not been recognised, and probably will not be until the secret history of the time comes to be written. Never before or since were rapine and murder better organised, and a more real danger to the State. Those were the days of the Land League and the dynamiters; of the Phoenix Park assassinations and the explosion in Westminster Hall. Only the secret records of Scotland Yard and the Home Office could reveal how great the actual peril was. A weaker man than Sir William Harcourt would have lost his head, and would either have resorted to senseless severity, or have cowered before the storm. The Home Secretary did neither, and it was undoubtedly owing to his nerve and common sense that a panic was averted. The promptitude and resolution with which Sir William Harcourt repressed Fenianism was never forgiven by Irish Nationalists.

As an instance of how a man's virtues sometimes fight against him, a good deal of the indignation excited by Sir William Harcourt's adoption of Home Rule was due to the unflinching manner in which he discharged his duties as Home Secretary. People would not believe that the Minister who talked about the Tories "stewing in Parnellite juice", who employed a secret police, and who passed his time imprisoning Irish politicians, could be a sincere convert to Home Rule. Of course, all the Liberal leaders who followed Gladstone were just as guilty of tergiversation as Sir William Harcourt; but there never was anything like the same bitterness felt against them. For some years after 1886 Sir William Harcourt was perhaps the most unpopular statesman in the House of Commons and the country. Had he followed the Duke of Devonshire, it is possible he might have succeeded Lord Salisbury as Unionist Prime Minister. But it is not as Home Secretary that Sir William Harcourt will go down to posterity, though we believe him to have been one of the greatest occupants of the post. He will live in history as the Chancellor of the Exchequer who imposed the death duties. The tax on the succession to estates was bitterly opposed by the Tory squires, naturally enough. But the amounts realised have helped the Exchequer out of many a tight place during the last ten years, and it is now generally admitted that it is quite as fair to tax the accumulations of the dead as the earnings of the living. The return of the Conservatives to power in 1895 closed the official career of Sir William Harcourt, and after the "Khaki Election" in 1900 his physical powers began visibly to decline.

A great minister of State, a powerful leader of Opposition Sir William Harcourt was: but he was much more—a great personality. Apart from one or two on each side, how few ministers have any individuality of their own! The late Mr. Childers, for instance, filled all the highest offices of State except that of First Lord of the Treasury: yet what impression did his character make upon the House of Commons, or the Civil Service, or society? Absolutely none. Strip Mr. Ritchie of his portfolio, and what remains? A very commonplace member of Parliament, whom no one would mark in

public or private life. Now Sir William Harcourt, whether he was on the front bench or in Downing Street, at a dinner-table or on the platform, or in his own library, was always a great individuality. The effect he produced was of course much helped by his presence and his name. Had he been a dunce and a plebeian, you could not have overlooked him in a room. Being a wit, a scholar, and Vernon Harcourt, he was irresistible. As a party leader his defect was that he did not suffer fools gladly. But he was one of the best leaders of the House of Commons we have known, for his grand manner dignified debate, and he had that fine and very rare quality, urbanity. He was one of the last of our public speakers who had the courage and the culture to quote—not Dickens or Lowell—but the classics, English and Latin. Considering the excellence of his literary style, it is curious that Sir William Harcourt frequently bored his audiences. And except when he was chaffing or fencing with an adversary, his speeches were dull to listen to. With all his practice Sir William Harcourt never acquired the art of concealing his art, and he had neither the melody of voice nor the grace of gesture which sometimes makes an "ex scripto" delivery attractive. When he was compelled by circumstance to speak impromptu he was always most effective. We remember, very many years ago, that Sir William Harcourt was last on the toast list at the opening of the Palmerston Club at Oxford. It was near midnight when he rose, and he had the tact to throw over his written speech, and to indulge in a quarter of an hour's most exquisite chaff and pointed conversation. Had he trusted more often to himself and less to his manuscript, he would have been a better House of Commons speaker. For the platform, of course, a man cannot prepare too carefully.

THE LIVERPOOL CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress has become—as the Scotchman said when told of the man who constantly fell out of a three-pair window without hurting himself—a haäbit, and habits are apt to harden into vices. There are hundreds of worthy clergymen and laymen who could no more give up the mild excitements of the annual Congress week than their wives could forego the yearly visit to London for the summer sales. They think the speakers have said what they ought to have said, and they come away. The newspapers have had the annual patronising article congratulating the national Church on its wide comprehensiveness. But what remains of the whole thing a fortnight afterwards? Congresses come and go as comes and goes the Arab encampment. To-day all bustle, movement, colour; to-morrow a few black ashes and the marks of camels' knees in the grass. The effect of a Church Congress is chiefly local. It has advertised the Church of England. The debates have been reported and read in the local press more carefully than in the London papers. A certain number of people in the place or neighbourhood have had their interest awakened in this or that subject. It is repeated from mouth to mouth, or pen to pen, that "the Church is abreast of the needs and requirements of the age". And yet, after all, does anything come of it? Aristotle tells us that habits of action become stronger by repetition but habits of receptive feeling weaker. The danger of the Church of England in our day is the allowing talk to take the place of action—not mere activity but constructive purpose embodying itself in institutions. The middle ages talked very little but constructed a great deal. They knew their own mind. Modern Christianity wastes the strength which should be put into building in discussions among the builders, whether architects, masons, or hodmen, as to style and ground plan. The discussions are less acrimonious than they were a generation ago. But we are scarcely nearer a more than superficial agreement.

We have suggested that the local effect of a Church Congress is more important than its wider result. And nowhere is a local impression likely to be more useful than at Liverpool. Liverpool is to have the largest cathedral church in England, and there is needed an

expansion of ecclesiastical life and liturgical ideal to correspond to the edifice. Otherwise it will be a very large shell indeed with a very small shrivelled nut rattling inside it. Mr. Bodley, in his paper last Tuesday on the uses of a cathedral, quoted Arthur Helps as lamenting that all our splendid minsters are filberts of this kind, far too big for the religion in them. Certainly there is a real disproportion between the fabrics on the one side and the functions which take place in them and the meagre body of clergy who serve them on the other. The unintelligent reforms of the William IV. period whittled down the cathedral bodies and their revenues to a skeleton. But much, though still not enough, has been done elsewhere to restore dignity to cathedral services and vigour to decanal and canonical offices. We do not doubt that the Liverpool chapter, when constituted, will do its duty. No one now defends the old Erastian protestantism so loved of Sir William Harcourt, with its well-endowed laziness and quiet worldliness. But shall we see a large interpretation of the Book of Common Prayer, such as will not create a sense of utter disproportion and inadequacy between the building and the rites performed in it? To turn it into a vast preaching-house, which seems to be the idea of its projectors, would be to defeat the chief end and purpose of a cathedral, which is to hold up before the eyes of the diocese an ideal of stately and dignified liturgic science, the science of Divine worship. For merely attracting enormous Sunday evening congregations to sing popular hymns, listen to a few collects, and be thundered at by a strong-lunged preacher, a square brick building with galleries would have been best and cheapest. We do not suppose that Bishop Chavasse is undertaking an "exceeding magnificent" sanctuary merely for the purpose of cutting out the sects or giving mercantile ostentation somewhat to glory of. But the unreality of low church ecclesiasticism is the worst of all, for it adopts outward show with a distinct understanding that nothing is meant by it. We rejoice that the Bishop was able on Tuesday to announce a special gift or gifts of £25,000 for a Lady Chapel, which has been designed by Mr. Bodley and Mr. Scott (a Roman Catholic, by the bye), and will be the first portion of the cathedral to be built. But a Lady Chapel, we suppose, is a chapel of Our Lady. Should the shade of Bishop Ryle appear to his successor in the visions of the night, will he be reassured by being told that the new temple is to be begun in a piece of (as it will be explained to him) unmeaning ritualism?

This week's great gathering will have done something, we hope, to impress on the Liverpool authorities the unreality of a cathedral to be conducted on Liverpool lines, and according to Liverpool traditions of worship. It will also have helped to bring home to the Orange religionism of the place that, however strong it may have been once, it is now a mere backwater of Church life, a brackish pool left on the shore by a receding tide. The Archbishop of York, a venerable prelate who seems in recent years to have abandoned Tractarian for Erastian views, was hooted by the local Kensitites, when the procession appeared in the streets, with cries of No Popery. But such demonstrations are the last sputter of the dip expiring in the socket. Thirty-five years ago the fathers of these demonstrators were strong enough to silence Bishop Wilberforce's speaking, while their pastors boycotted a mild and evangelical paper by Mr. Mackonochie. Before long that faction will have disappeared for ever. But the controversies of modern ecclesiastical thought, conducted it is true with buttons on the foils, have shifted to other ground and other topics. It is much that agreement should have been to a large extent attained as to the decencies of worship, the continuity of the Church of England as part of the Catholic family, the vital necessity for religious education, the importance of home and foreign missions, and other matters on which there was not by any means agreement half a century since. But big questions have still to be threshed out by the Church of England both within her borders and without them. Her sons, and indeed all religious men, have to close their ranks against the recrudescence of infidelity which has lately become so marked in press and society, the socialism which is merely a godless materialism

masquerading in fine phrases, and—which is the immediate preoccupation of the Church—against the maddened anti-ecclesiastical jealousy of a sectarianism which, rather than the children of the poor should be brought up under Church of England influences, is ready to banish definite religious teaching altogether from the schools.

In this matter the episcopate and the National Society are at present engaged in effecting a masterly retreat. But whereas General Kuropatkin recule, as he hopes, *pour mieux sauter*, our ecclesiastical leaders, convinced that half a loaf is better than no bread, seem resolved to retire permanently into some inaccessible Siberian fastness, leaving their camp in the hands of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd-George. The Church Congress may have done something to inspire them with courage and stiffen their backs. This is the real use of such monster gatherings. They are worthless for discussion of difficult problems. Who can say anything that is worth saying on Biblical criticism or ritual or the indifference of the working class in fifteen, ten, or five minutes? Readers and speakers try to shout a few epigrams or telling phrases to the other end of a large and crowded building. It is not by this means, or by any sort of parliamentarism, that the Church can hope to solve the difficult questions which confront her. But a vast assembly of eager Churchmen brought together from all parts of the land is able to give impulse and fire to a statesmanship which knows its mind and sees its way and only needs to be assured that it has the support of the whole Church behind it. Only it must be confessed that signs of this kind of statesmanship, which is very different from a wobbly opportunism, have hitherto not been apparent.

There has, at almost every congress, been observed an amiable custom by which a deputation of the local sects attended the opening meeting with congratulations and compliments, and was assured in return by the president that the points on which Churchmen and Dissenters differ are very inconsiderable compared with the points on which they agree. In view of the approaching triumph expected by sectarianism over the Church, so soon to be trampled in the dust, it is as well, we think, in the interests of sincerity, that this conventional scene was last Tuesday omitted.

"FURS AND FRAUDS."

NOTHING, certainly not custom, can stale the infinite variety of the "Times", at least in that department of the paper where editor and manager meet. It should therefore be good news for those who like novelty that this debatable ground tends to increase; and we see no reason why in the future, such a future as Mr. Wells dreams of, any of those invidious distinctions now held to exist between different parts of the paper should any longer be maintained. An important step in this merging of attributes was taken this week. On Wednesday and Friday appeared articles, we can find no other word for the thing, extending to two good columns of fair type, which dealt with the fur trade, a most interesting and intricate subject. But the articles were a little baffling to both eye and intelligence. The heading crossed both columns. Was the "Times" coming round to that trick of arresting attention which has recently spread from the provincial to the cheaper half of the London press? The "Daily News", sinking from penny to "half-penniness", adopted the double heading. Was the "Times", celebrating its reduction from threepence to 2'300320127-pence, following the same tendency? Cross-headings too, very slightly sloped, hinted to those with great technical knowledge that the idiom of advertisement was indicated. Finally, to explain these contradictory impressions, an italic notice in the top left-hand corner announced that the article was "copyright 1904", like Mr. Alfred Austin's poems, and was written by "a member of the 'Times' advertising staff, who had independently investigated the facts here set forth". The explanation resolved old difficulties, only to establish new ones. "Advertising staff" suggests advertisement, but into how many dilemmas does this

launch us! Does the manager desire to establish a code of morality so high that he is going to have all advertisements tested and written by his staff, so that purchasers may have the guarantee of the "Times" for the quality of anything purchased through its agency? Are we on the eve of seeing that ideal paper which shall only advertise the best books, the best food: will reject tea advertisements because the beverage disagrees with the manager, and give soap and wholemeal bread free space because of the benefit they confer on the community? If it is not going to do this, it is a lopsided justice to give the authority of its support to one advertiser and not to another. It is true that these articles on the fur trade are to be continued—a sort of "fur and feather series"—but as only one firm has been mentioned in two articles of two columns each it will take some time to give such a guarantee to every piece of advertised goods. We admire the effort, even if vain, after such a code; but even to suggest to the world that "independent investigation" and authoritative sanction can profitably go in hand with the receipt of advertisement rates is at best a dangerous precedent for weaker and smaller staffs. If we take the other alternative, jump the long headings—arranged in echelon, like the literal devices of Charles Nodier—the cross headings and the rest, and accept the article as "matter", in the technical sense, almost the same danger and dilemma issue. The admirably incidental appearance of the prominent firm "with whom customers may deal with confidence", whatever the intention, does constitute an advertisement. The matter in this event is "matter in the wrong place". It is a common and natural desire of advertisers to see advertisements in a position known as "facing matter". But advertisement which is itself matter suggests a union of contraries hitherto unknown on the higher planes. For a moment we hoped to escape the perplexity by consulting the index, but ambiguity lurked even here. May not the notices of "Partnerships Dissolved" which also occur on "page 9" justify the reference to "Trades Advertisements"?

But we may leave without solution the answer to the old question "What can the 'matter' be?" for a consideration of more important issues. The "Times" has discovered, we may say invented, a new profession, just as some one years ago invented the profession of literary agent. Why should not the profession of "independent investigator" be equally lucrative and honourable? It would need a severe but not impossible training in technicalities. The investigator must literally be "Jack-of-all-trades". He must know the difference, as in the case of the first of the investigators, between the dead skins of musquash, baum marten and stone marten and not stumble in the distinction between "a ruche of chiffon" and a "sacque of sable". Similarly if he is investigating in connexion, say, with Aldridge's, he must have a nodding acquaintance with hocks, quarters and teeth; and a picturesque experience of the imaginative mendacities of horsedealers in general. Having once acquired this trade or professional knowledge he could not do better when he comes to the final test than imitate the style of this founder of investigation. The recipe is simple enough, but effective. Open with a general recommendation of fur-wearing with a few special instances, as for "women who shrink from the exhibition of less independent accessories of wealth"; or, in the case of horses, "for those suffering from torpidity". Then proceed to expand on the difficulties of finding the genuine article, and the foolishness of not taking expert advice. Pull yourself up abruptly to mention "the one, and only one, absolutely safe method of buying". Mention its address; and drift off into general damnation, qualified by anecdotes, of the great company of tricksters who convert rabbit skin to "electric seal" or, say, cut the hocks of a 'bus horse to the true Arab pattern. "Furnishing Commodities" would provide another fine field; and a day or two of bogus shopping in Tottenham Court Road or Wardour Street give the investigator inexhaustible material for discussions on "venerer and how to detect it", to be followed by information as to how many yards up on the right-hand side of which street, "prominent among firms with which customers may deal with confidence",

stands the famous house of —. The profession would have its risks; and the investigator, like Dick Swiveller, be apt to find whole streets too dangerous to approach. He might for example in journeying from the Strand to Tottenham Court Road have to approach by Gower Street for fear of running the gauntlet of the lower part of the street where he had too closely investigated the tricks of the trade. But the investigator has a great future; we would compare his profession with that of the expert witness if the parallel were not vitiated by the unfortunate association of the expert witness with a derogatory table of comparison. Parents in search of a profession for their sons or their daughters might do worse than study the advantages here held out. The profession indeed has already recruits. We have this week seen an "appreciation"—in form of editorial matter—of John Strange Winter, wrapping up information as to that lady's marvellous hair restorer.

FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—III.

THE argument of the preceding articles tends to the conclusion that the economic progress of this country during the last sixty years has not been due to the unilateral free-trade policy which distinguishes it from all other progressive countries. It has been shown that nearly all the observed progress could be, and was, fully accounted for by causes at first sight much more remote, such as improved sanitation, scientific discoveries, and mechanical inventions.

To complete the argument it is desirable to apply similar tests to those other countries; but, unfortunately, the necessary data are not available in the same abundance. Further, nearly every one of those great countries has, in comparatively recent times, been subject to internal upheavals, or scenes of wars, which have broken, for a time at least, the continuity of the records as well as the general progress they were then experiencing. This was the case with Germany and France in the early 'seventies, the period of the unification of Italy, and the Civil War in America in 1861-5. Great Britain, alone of them all, has been singularly free from such internal disruptive forces, and, as a result, the statistical records for this country are comparable over a considerably longer period of time than those for any other country. The conditions of life, however, have everywhere improved very considerably. We find that in every country on the Continent the death rates have diminished in some cases to a greater, and others to a lesser, extent than in this country. The average age has risen; the length of life has increased; and the proportion of "infants" has diminished.

The case of the United States, which we have hitherto neglected in these articles, is different in some important respects. Here we have a country whose latent wealth is illimitable, and whose natural resources are, both in abundance and in variety, sufficient for all the ordinary needs of its teeming population. More than any other country of the present time, with the possible exception of the Russian Empire, the United States may be regarded as a complete homogeneous economic entity. It is able to grow all the corn it requires, it can raise all the live stock that it needs, its cotton plantations are sufficient to supply all its requirements, its mineral resources both of base and precious metals are extensive, and its coal-mines are inexhaustible. Add to this every year enormous accessions by immigration of carefully selected adult able-bodied and skilled workmen to assist in the development of these very varied resources. The development of that country is probably due in large degree to these causes. The policy of protection which it has extended to industries has only hastened the natural and inevitable growth of the country. We may be sure that, in the future, it will become more and more independent of all other countries.

So far we have taken up a negative attitude towards the fiscal policy. We claim to have shown that this has had little or no effect in increasing the aggregate wealth of this country, and we might be led to infer that in the future, as in the past, fiscal policy—free trade or otherwise—will be equally unsuccessful in materially contributing to the national

prosperity. But this would be inferring too much. It is improbable that the next fifty years will witness the same degree of improvement in our physical environment as in the half-century that has just passed. Our population may be expected to increase less rapidly; the death-rates will approach more and more closely to a limiting value not much less than the present; the average age and the duration of life will increase somewhat. Inventive genius will continue to exercise itself; science will not have tapped the bed-rock of knowledge; and the world will continue to take advantage of them all. Progress will doubtless be made, but from the strictly economic point of view it is not likely to amount to much. Till now the trade policy of this country has had but little influence in determining the currents along which we have been swept. Under the new conditions which will then arise a much greater amount of responsibility will be thrown on it.

It appears to us that there will remain at least three functions which fiscal policy can develop and exercise. Firstly, so long as we continue to be dependent on other countries for a large proportion of our supplies of food and material, it is absolutely necessary that we should continue to be able to dispose of those of our products which must pay for these goods freely and without restraint. Fiscal policy may provide us with the power to negotiate concessions or treaties which will secure for us the most advantageous terms. In the second place, the development of the empire, to the extent of making it an economic entity like the United States of America, may be promoted, as in the case of the German Zollverein, by an Imperial Customs Union. The existence of customs duties in the colonies, even though there be no countervailing excise duty, need be no bar to this development. In the third place, and this for us here is the most important, fiscal policy may be directed towards improving the conditions of the working classes of this country by amending the distribution of wealth among them. It is to this last point that we wish most particularly to draw attention.

We tread here on somewhat delicate ground. For, while it cannot be denied that the masses of this country have benefited individually during the last half-century, it yet remains to be seen if this growth has been suppressed or restrained by our "free-trade" policy. Free-trade theorists never tire of repeating the formula about the aggregate wealth of the country tending always to a maximum under the ideal free-trade system. Granted that this be so in the ideal world to which their theories and formulæ apply, it is at least open to question whether under other fiscal conditions the distribution of wealth, considered apart from its mere aggregation, would not have proved much more favourable. We shall, in this and the following article, apply a number and variety of tests which in the end will leave no doubt in the mind of the impartial student.

The figures in the following table are based on a table in the "Fiscal Blue Book", and another in the "General Report on the Census of England and Wales" for 1901. It shows the proportion of males over twenty engaged in the principal manufacturing industries, including agriculture, at each of the last six censuses.

Census.	Total Male Population over 20 (in thousands).	Percentage of this Population engaged in principal manufactures (including Agriculture).	Percentage engaged in Agriculture.
1851	4,717	51	24
1861	5,231	49	21
1871	5,866	45	17
1881	6,643	42	14
1891	7,516	39	11
1901	8,856	37	8

It appears from this short table that there has been a very considerable and steady "shift" of the adult male population from manufacturing to other industries. The agricultural industry, the largest of all, shows the greatest diminution. From giving employment to 24 per cent. of the adult male labour of the country, it can now find work for no more than 8 per cent. The remaining industries show, on the whole, a

steady though very small increase. Whereas in 1851 the number occupied in the principal manufacturing industries, excluding agriculture, amounted to 27 per cent., in 1901 it had risen to 29 per cent. These figures are obtained by subtracting those in the last from the preceding column. An analysis of the items of this change shows that the greatest changes in numbers have taken place in building, coal-mining, iron and steel and machine-making, printing and bookbinding, furniture, and glass and earthenware. In each of these branches of industry the increase has been practically continuous, and has taken place at a greater rate than the increase of population. The largest proportionate increase has taken place in the machine-making and shipbuilding industries, these now giving employment to about 8 per cent. of the male adults as against only 2½ per cent. fifty years ago. The cotton, lace and tailoring trades have increased in the absolute numbers to which they respectively give employment, but at a less rate than the general population. The wool and worsted trades, as well as the linen, silk and bootmaking trades, show a considerably smaller amount of adult labour engaged in them. Imperfect as the table is, it shows very clearly that, the agricultural industry apart, the proportion of the whole male population engaged in manufacturing trades in this country has not, in the past fifty years, undergone any appreciable change. The numbers engaged in agriculture have diminished considerably. It is now less, by nearly 400,000, than the number in 1851; while if the proportion relative to the whole population had been maintained there would have been nearly twice the earlier number, or about one and a half million more than at present.

THE CITY.

THERE has been a marked broadening of business, both investment and speculative, in the Stock Exchange during the past week, and with certain exceptions among mining shares the whole list of quotations shows an improvement on balance. The chief feature of interest in the gilt-edged market has been the issue of £6,000,000 3 per cent. Exchequer Bonds at a currency of five years. As the issue was by tender the general public was not particularly concerned, but there has been considerable speculation among the finance houses as to the price the bonds would fetch—in the result tenders at £98 14s. 6d. received 50 per cent. of their total application and above that the allotment was in full: on this basis the investment must be regarded as highly satisfactory to banks and similar institutions who obtain about £3 7s. per cent. for their money after due allowance for rebates and brokerage. This issue clears the air to a large extent although it is not improbable that an issue of Water Stock may shortly be made, but the total amount cannot be sufficient to cause any serious disturbance in the market in the present condition of money. The Corporation of Bristol has seized the opportunity to market £600,000 of its 4 per cent. bonds at a currency of six years, and these have been placed at par. The practice recently instituted by the provincial corporations of taking deposits from the public on short terms of six months and a year appears likely to be followed by the municipalities in and around London, and Islington has already made an announcement on the subject. In the aggregate these deposits must withdraw a considerable sum from the banks, who will also lose a lucrative business in making temporary overdrafts and fixed loans to the municipalities.

The demand for the prior stocks of the Home Railways has been sustained and the jobbers who had sold stock "short" have had considerable difficulty in replacing it, many of them having done so at a substantial sacrifice. The pressure has shown that the prices which have appeared in the daily lists are to a large extent fictitious, as the market has endeavoured to keep quotations low in the hope of covering in the stock sold.

American railroad shares have continued to be very strong and there is every appearance that the upward movement will extend still further. Profit-taking has caused temporary reaction in certain stocks, but the

advices from New York indicate that the movement is on a much wider basis than had been generally supposed, after making due allowance for the exaggerated statements of interested parties.

Among foreign stocks, which on the whole have been quiet, Peruvian issues have received most attention. There has been a certain amount of profit-taking in the debentures but the ordinary shares have received speculative support, following the rumours as to the intentions of the Government. The Argentine and Brazilian loans have been bought on foreign account and the South American railway traffic returns are almost entirely satisfactory.

It is understood that an issue of £1,000,000 3½ per cent. debenture bonds on account of the Agricultural Bank of Egypt will shortly be made and the marked success of the operations of the bank which have exceeded all expectation should ensure a satisfactory reception to the loan; it will be remembered that the first debenture issue was a guarantee of the Egyptian Government to the extent of 3 per cent. per annum, and if the contemplated issue takes the same form, its success, apart from any other consideration, must be positive.

There has been a flicker of life in the South African mining market, mainly due to the closing of "bear" accounts; but without public support prices dwindled and closed with very little improvement. The influential houses would be well advised not to attempt to force the market, which should be allowed to develop gradually and quietly. Most people hold Kaffir shares and are not disposed to buy more at present, but an increasing output will give confidence to the public and strength to the market without adventitious aids. It is rather surprising that the men who control the big houses and who have had practical experience during the years they worked in South Africa are so slow to recognise that the time has come when "results" are wanted, and not merely market manipulation.

INSURANCE.

PROFITABLE WAYS OF SAVING.

LIFE assurance companies have so many advantages in connexion with the handling of funds, and the financial position of good companies is so strong, that they present very great attractions for every class of insurance business for which they are at all suited, and it is not surprising to find that they are eminently well adapted for a great number of very different transactions. As a means of making small savings certain forms of deferred annuities which are available without medical examination for both men and women are particularly attractive.

Two excellent companies for this purpose are the Hand-in-Hand and the Norwich Union. Both are offices which add to great antiquity financial strength of a quite exceptional order, and both issue deferred annuities on very favourable terms. The difference between the two companies is that the deferred annuities of the Norwich Union give better terms than the Hand-in-Hand to those policy-holders who reach the age they select for entering upon the annuity or for receiving the cash equivalent of the annuity at that age; while the Hand-in-Hand gives better terms to those who die or surrender their policies before attaining a selected age. An investor should choose the one company or the other according to the estimate he forms of the likelihood of continuing the policy in force until reaching the selected age. It is of course impossible for any Life office giving exceptionally good terms at maturity also to give highly remunerative results on premature surrender, and vice versa.

The conditions of deferred annuities are that a policy-holder makes annual payments, or, in certain cases, irregular payments at his own convenience, throughout a certain number of years, and at the end of the time he is entitled to receive an annuity of a specified amount for the rest of his life. If on reaching the selected age he prefers to take a cash payment it is quite open to him to do so. The amounts of the cash

payment and of the annuity are definitely guaranteed and in no way dependent upon the profits of the companies.

The Hand-in-Hand receives either regular equal annual payments or accepts from a policy-holder at any time any multiples of £1 that he chooses to pay. Each payment that is made secures definite guaranteed benefits which cannot be forfeited by the failure to make subsequent payments. The company guarantees to return either at death or on surrender at any time the whole of the premiums paid, accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest. This in itself is a good return from what is in effect a savings bank of the safest and soundest kind; but there are further benefits which result from investments of this kind. Premiums paid for deferred annuities are entitled to rebate of Income-tax; the result of this is that a man can pay the insurance company £105 5s. 3d. a year and claim a rebate of income-tax to the extent of £5 5s. 3d. as long as the tax is at 1s. in the £, so making his net investment £100 a year. This investment of £100 entitles him to the return of £105 5s. 3d., accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest. A simple calculation shows that if he dies, or surrenders his policy, his investment has yielded him at the end of five years compound interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, at the end of ten years he has received over 4 per cent., at the end of fifteen years more than 3¼ per cent., and at the end of twenty-five and thirty years respectively a little over and a little under 3½ per cent.

Considering the absolute security provided by such investments as these this return must be considered very remarkable. It is an investment that can be made with no more trouble than putting money in a savings bank. A single pound if necessary can be sent to the society at any time, without any formalities, since no medical examination is required and the age can be proved at the commencement once and for all.

This investment is equally suitable for people of large means and of small, and it offers exceptional attraction as a means of saving for women. The guaranteed deferred annuity is of very great advantage to them, while, should necessity arise, their savings, accumulated at a remunerative rate of interest, are always available.

THE MAKING OF "MAKE".

IN the world of words, as in the world of men, there are hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are for all who have to express themselves roughly on all occasions of life, and not for those merely of a refined education who take pride in or have a vanity for fastidious expression. To these indeed they often become a literary terror and nightmare and the "stylist" spends weary hours and days in concocting subterfuges for avoiding their company and seeking other words whose rank in literature is less plebeian. In the dictionaries of all languages these common words and the phrases in which they are found as components bulk more largely than any others. Like the common people everywhere they multiply until their numbers become a formidable difficulty alike to the scientific philologist and the native born, and especially to the foreigner. Of such words is "make" and its equivalents in four of the languages with which educated Europeans are more or less acquainted. The Romans had their *facere*, the French have their *faire*, the Germans their *machen*, and we English our word *make* which in our hands has become as prolific and as puzzling as its German cousin. Another such word is the verb *go*, which, as Dr. Bradley tells us in his note to the most recent part of the Oxford English Dictionary*, has had no rival in the space allotted to it until the verb *make* made its appearance with its unparalleled variety of shades of meaning and multitude of idiomatic uses. Moreover there is the substantive *make* which we use only when we speak of the make of a thing. When we were still Saxons, and Anglo-Saxons were unheard of, we spoke of a *make* when we wanted to say that a man or woman was the equal or peer of another. Now if it is said at all it is in the dialects of

* "The Oxford English Dictionary." Vol. VI. : M.—Mandragon. By Henry Bradley. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1904. 57.

the North; and it has dropped out of our Southern speech and out of English literature. Evidently here is the idea of fitting or arranging something to something else; and that appears to be the original conception in the root of make both substantive and verb. And yet on its earliest known appearance the idea of creating or constructing is the most prominent. The poet was the maker, the pre-eminent maker or creator was God, and to make came to express more distinctively the notion of construction or creation than that of fitting or adaptation. There seems to be an indication in this of the whole story of make which passed from a more specific to a more general meaning. Like *facere*, and *faire* and *machen*, it is a word which enables us to speak about things in a large broad sense until we have found what may be called the right, specific, or precise word. In Saxon and Old English they used to speak of making all sorts of literary compositions; they made music, and meant by that composing music. Now we make verses, but we should not speak of making a tragedy or a novel. We have struck upon specific words for these acts. For a dictionary what can we say yet but to make it? Write or compose or compile it would be an unsuitable description of the learned labours of the Oxford Dictionary makers. But we specialise severely even the word make itself when we speak of making a book, in the betting sense; the last remnant of the old general phrase which applied to any book.

This generality seems the most striking characteristic of the use of make. Yet just as *facere*, and *faire*, and *machen* are used in their respective languages to make up an elaborate series of special idiomatic phrases, so it is with our English make. The most interesting and curious thing about them is the survival of some while others have become obsolete long ago. That is a mystery on which the Oxford Dictionary throws no light. They can be traced from the earliest times at which they appear in literature. But that is not necessarily their origin. Before that they had been in the mouths of the people. Why did they drop from their lips and cease to be heard? Some of them have only replaced one preposition by another: and the reason for the preference does not appear. The superseding phrase seems no better than the one dropped. We think the process is beyond even the art of philological scholarship to trace. Accepting the fact we take a few specimens of the countless phrases mummified in literature, or still existing on the verge of extinction, after doing service for, it may be, eight hundred years in a form recognisable by the ordinary speaker of the English of to-day. Can it be that the phrase to make a match is obsolete? If we had cock-matches should we not be understood if we said, as was said by the "London Gazette" in 1703, "There is a cock-match made between the counties of Surrey and Sussex"? To make a price had a general meaning in 1752 when the worthy Ainsworth's Dictionary rendered it "*Pretium alicui rei facere vel indicere*", and now it is only heard on the Stock Exchange. To make a parliament appeared in print six and a half centuries ago; a little over two and a half to make a House appeared amongst parliamentary phrases. The first has disappeared; the second still remains. Our above-mentioned betting phrase apparently goes no further back than 1828 when Hood uses it in "Miss Kilmansegg".

Why has to make count of made place to to make account of? It appears a better form; though account has in fact set aside more cumbrous words such as estimation and the like. To make much of is still better; and why then does it not supersede all the rest? There are the well-known phrases to make money, fortune, capital, name; and we may put alongside them the slang phrase to make a thing in the sense of stealing it which appeared about 1700. Then there are all the various uses in cards and other games; of which there are quite as many equivalents in nautical usage. We have making in the sense of training a hawk or a dog or a hunter and to make or mar or break has been familiar in literature for five hundred years. To make one's soul is Anglo-Irish. In the eighteenth century they said "to make nothing to carry it"; now we say to make nothing of carrying it. Down to the same century to speak of making a miracle or a sin, or a lie, justice or

mercy, were the correct forms; then curiously usage went back to an earlier stage and the custom of saying to work or do came back again and we have continued to follow it. To make a marriage is now almost obsolete except in legal phraseology. In German they say *einen Spaziergang machen* to go, literally to make a walk. We cannot say this but we make an excursion or a journey or a step. And so we cannot say now What make you here? as the Germans still say, Was machen Sie hier; but we have instead What are you doing here? the French *faire* and Latin *facere*, the general equivalents of to make or to do. Almost obsolete is What makes you here? We say now What brings you here? The use of make with many substantives remains while it has become obsolete in many others. We may say to make an abatement but not to make an abstinence as was once said. A hundred years ago Lord Eldon spoke of a decision being made. Now it is unusual in England though common in America. Another Americanism is to make out, to manage to do a thing well or badly as Ben Jonson used it. In America they can still say "I have made out to sleep with tolerable comfort in a cave". To make a train a steamboat &c. seems to be American slang for catching it. The original idea is the nautical phrase to make a place.

Make with prepositions supplies many very curious idioms and many changes from one preposition to another in the course of time. Make for was not very frequent before the nineteenth century in the sense of going to or towards, though it was used by Marlowe. But in the nineteenth century "to make for" was used in the sense of to attack or assail, and "go for" became its equivalent in that sense also. To make to has been superseded in several instances since the latter quarter of the eighteenth century by to make for. Thus it used to be said, it maketh to edification, he made to the door, they made to their horses, and so on. To make away was the sixteenth and seventeenth century way of expressing what we now mean when we say to make away with, to put away destroy or transfer a thing. Perhaps this may be because make away was wanted in the sense of to be off or make off. To make down a bed is said to be Scottish, but apparently it is idiomatic English to say now that a bigger girl's frocks can be made down, refashioned that is, for her sister. Is make out the time obsolete in the sense of whiling it away as the Dictionary says it is? If so it appears to have begun when Jane Austen was writing in 1813 and to have gone out by the time the century was half way through; but we imagine we have heard the phrase more recently. The explication of to make up requires five columns of the Dictionary, but the only element of surprise in them is the extremely modern date of making up to in the sense of making love. Who would have supposed that its first literary appearance was in a translation of Voltaire's dramas made in 1781?

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

IT is not generally known that the Americans are an agreeable people who inhabit Paris. The common notion is erroneous and is due to Trusts. Who Mr. Trusts is I don't know, but since he controls everything American I presume he has bribed a few Americans to stay on the other side of the Atlantic and send us news of wars, presidential elections, and what not—all invented out of their own heads—with a view of persuading us that the nation is at home. It is not my duty to explode this myth, and I only refer to it to explain my profound astonishment on receiving a French book ("*Music and Musicians*" by Albert Lavignac: translated by W. Marchant) in which Mr. Krehbiel gives an account of music in America. All Americans residing in Paris, how can there be any music in America? I believe Mr. Krehbiel to be a figment of Mr. Trusts' imagination. The affair is made, not more suspicious, but in reality all the clearer, by the fact that the book is published by Messrs. Putnam, whose office stands within five minutes' walk of the office of this REVIEW. It is shameful that editors

and sub-editors and leader-writers should be imposed on by this long pretence, but we arrive at mere farce when we are gravely asked to read, and to read gravely, a description of American music.

Yet the book is well worth looking at. I suppose I ought to claim it as an old friend, for it was written ten years ago, and this is the fourth edition of the translation; but I never came across it before. Its scheme is ambitious. Beginning with acoustics, we pass on to the question of scales, then musical instruments and forms and counterpoint and harmony, and brief biographies of all the distinguished musicians and some account of their principal works. I have not waded through it all: at my age one finds it tiresome to read once again about how sound is produced and about first and second species counterpoint; but I have glanced at a good deal of it and ravenously devoured certain chapters, which, with a book by Mr. B. W. Findon,* will form the subject of this article. Let us say in the first place, however, that on the whole the book seems well done. There are a few inaccuracies—"Hansel and Gretel", for instance, was not produced in 1883—but these and some vagueness and sloppiness in the writing may be due to the translator. M. Albert Lavignac is a very well known teacher of harmony and professor at the Paris Conservatoire, so I suppose the theoretical portions are all right; though after the warning of some English books on theory—notably one on counterpoint—one ought not to be too hasty to accept anyone on the mere strength of an Academic position. It is a little late in the day, too, to trot out the old nonsense about the virtues of the old methods of learning counterpoint and harmony. A man does not become an acrobat by hopping on one leg for three years. M. Lavignac upsets his own dogmas—at every step one or another is sent floundering to earth. For example, we are told that prolonged study of theory is an indispensable prelude to the writing of real music (and this I reckon analogous to the case of a student of acrobatics practising for three years on one leg), yet we know that Wagner, the finest contrapuntist of the century, learnt it all in six months, while Berlioz was a *prix de Rome* and yet, to quote M. Lavignac, in his works "there is not to be found a trace of true science or of acquired skill, except in orchestration". One cannot hint that perhaps Wagner had the greater genius, for M. Lavignac tells us the results Berlioz got were "the triumph of inspiration and of will". As for the statement that he did not study properly, a young man who won the *prix de Rome* in 1830 must have done the preliminary grinding and known his dry-as-dust theory. The truth is Berlioz spent precious years in mastering this theory which was absolutely useless to him while Wagner was learning to write music by writing it. Spohr, a much better contrapuntist than Berlioz, had no lessons whatever. But M. Lavignac gives away the pedant's case when he says that genius will always break rules and that (in effect) only genius should attempt to write music.

In the part of the book which has some vital interest for us to-day, that on "Contemporaries", M. Lavignac is no pedant. He is, however, frightfully insular, as all French musicians are. It never occurs to them that while they are gasconading even an English musician may be looking on with perfectly good-natured contempt. M. Lavignac gasconades only once or twice: rather he shows his racial limitations by the shallowness and indeed wrongness of his knowledge when he gets away from his own country. That he deals lengthily with unimportant French musicians such as Godard and Ambroise Thomas counts for nothing: as Mr. Krehbiel (or Mr. Trusts) remarks, he writes for Frenchmen; and it is vastly more significant that he says next to nothing about present-day Germany and Young Italy, deals superficially with the Russians, and as regards England mentions only one living composer, Mackenzie. He wrote ten years ago, when Mackenzie had done his best work, but not an oratorio nor opera does he refer to. Stanford also had done his best work then, but M. Lavignac seems unacquainted with his very name;

and nothing is said of Parry. Mr. Trusts in his appendix gives some account of these composers and also of Elgar and Sullivan, but the necessity for his additions only makes M. Lavignac's insularity the more marked. He glows with enthusiasm over the musical outlook in France, and gives a list ten kilometres long of startling young geniuses; and he also states—writing, remember, ten years ago—that there is, or was, a Frenchman living who equalled or surpassed Wagner in the art of handling an orchestra. Now I cannot be accused of any special insularity, hearing as I do fifty times as much music abroad as I hear in London; and I declare I have never yet heard a piece of French music which came within a hundred thousand miles of Wagner, either as regards orchestration or anything else. The French are going along contentedly in the old way. As with their habits of life, so with their music; as with the fashions in clothes, so with the style of the music: only superficially has there been any change. M. Lavignac is proud to think that the characteristics of the French school have been preserved—lucidity, correctness, verve; but it would be better if something new could be found—something not before expressed in music—or if something new has been found, the old "characteristics" could be neglected and some energy applied to the finding of a new means of expression.

It seems as if both France and England were happy to be eternally repeating the old, as if we could not pass the monkey stage of imitation. The young Russians abandon the old and seek the new with less or greater success, and they form at any rate a distinctive school. Dvorak, though less original than the Russians, more influenced by the Germans, has still his unmistakeable national flavour. (The talented female who used to tell us in the "Times" every two or three days that Parry's music was as great as Bach's and had a national flavour troubled me much: I could not and do not see how a flavour, national or other, can consist in entire lack of flavour.) Richard Strauss is trying to find the new, and if his spiritual stuff is poor and commonplace that is not his fault. America resembles England in having no school—this person Trusts avows it.

A curious fact may be observed. It is precisely those nations that have not a distinctive music who talk most about their schools. Why all this uneasy self-consciousness? Is there not time? Is the British Empire, for instance, going to break up to-morrow? A school is a highly desirable thing, if by a school we mean a set of men capable of reflecting all that is best and noblest in our national character in a beautiful form. But to be proud of a school because it is distinguished from all other schools by the dulness and stupidity of its music—why this is as if an old-time knight had gone forth gaily to do battle with all the world to prove his wife the ugliest and least faithful woman living. The old knights knew better: some talented female critics of to-day do not. The French have a school which will be forgotten in a hundred years; the musicians of our school see their works pass into everlasting night as fast as they are written. It is a shocking waste of ink and paper, not to think of the amount of honest potato-digging that might be done in the time. I don't know which is the more sorrowful spectacle—the French content with mere trivialities and superficialities or the English glorying in the stolidity and unimaginativeness that frighten every Englishman with nerves and electricity and a capacity for passion. Leaving M. Lavignac blissfully dozing amidst his legions of geniuses, each doing the same as the rest and all doing what has been done before, let us give a moment's attention to our own benighted country. Mr. B. W. Findon, in his excellent little *Life of Sullivan* claims for his subject that he created an original and thoroughly English form of art. In a sense one must admit this to be true. It is not a great form of art, not, as Mr. Findon thinks, an art to be proud of: yet it has no affectations, it is pretty, and it runs along merrily with no pomposity (I am speaking only of the light operas: with the oratorios I will have nothing to do). Sullivan was, so far as he went, English; and if he did not go deep it was because his nature was not deep. But look at the others for whom it is claimed

* "Sir Arthur Sullivan; his Life and Music". By B. W. Findon. London: Nisbet. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

that they constitute the English school? About Parry what can be said save what I have said before: that, though not naturally an ingenious writer of notes, by patient industry he has made himself dullest and driest of them all. He has resolutely conquered any beginnings of imagination that may ever have troubled him as a monk of old overcame his carnal passions. He has found many varieties of cadences, which is to say he thinks much of the end of every piece he writes. So do most people. What has Stanford done all these years? Let us not think of it lest we weep. And Mackenzie?—Here, lying before me, I have his "Witch's Daughter", written for the Leeds festival of this year. (Unhappy Leeds: Stanford as conductor and Mackenzie as composer, both in one year: are you not richly repaid for the way you treated Sullivan, who, if not a great composer, brought thousands of pounds to your coffers? Miserable Leeds! excuse me if I say you are rightly scourged.) What do I find in "The Witch's Daughter" but Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie writing exactly the stuff he was writing twenty years ago with no more technical skill and not one-thousandth part of the inspiration? The melodies have none of the freedom of those in "The Troubadour" or even the "Story of Sayid": they remind me of Leigh Hunt's definition of bagpipe music: tunes tied to a post.

No wonder it is stale. That smoking party last night, how delightful it was; but this morning on entering the room, how dreadful the old tobacco-smoke and the smell of beer, spirits and wines! To hear one of last night's wittiest remarks would drive you to suicide. These festival composers will do it. The very names—"The Witch's Daughter", "Caractacus" and so on—bring mildewy odours into the concert-room; and as if the subjects were not bad enough the composers make matters worse by writing the most old-fashioned music they can. What Wagner said of the psalm-setters of his day is true of the cantata-writers of this: they are like the old general who sang everything to the Dessauer march; their music is not theirs to begin with and they keep repeating it over and over again, occasionally giving it a factitious novelty by placing a chord in a new position (however ugly it may be) or by ending with a variation of an ordinary full-close. Come, you composers! away, first, with stale subjects; try to sting your invention, lash it until it finds something expressive of the new subjects; and thus, in due time, we shall have an English school. We need not fret about our originality; we need not trouble about it. Even if we copy the Germans, yet if we have themes that stir modern emotion in us—that is to say, if we have new and really moving themes and are modern men—and if we have a technique sufficient to express what we feel, then we shall be original enough. We have had no English music since Purcell; but we might have some to-morrow if a man of genius came and threw overboard the past—the oratorio, cantata and moth-eaten forms beloved of the festival committees. And that man would at first be treated with indifference by the public and meet with active hostility at the impotent hands of the Academics; for your Academic is tolerant neither of rivalry nor criticism and no method of suppressing either is too mean to be adopted. The arrival of truly English composers will soon end the Academies: no longer will festival committees galvanise them into periodical bursts of activity by hundred-guinea fees that make them write works that are heard once and heard no more.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

LITERARY MEN ON THE STAGE.

ONE speaks of "mixed emotions" as though they were a rather rare and peculiar thing. In point of fact, emotional people—and they are the vast majority of mankind—very seldom have an emotion single and straightforward. One emotion merges automatically into another; and the chances are that these different emotions have no logical connexion. Take, for example, the emotion of pity. Someone has suffered a misfortune. People are very sorry for him. But they are not merely sorry for him: they find themselves also exalting him as a hero. If a man fail publicly and

signally, he can always count on being for the moment deified at large. A few months ago I drew your attention to the great enthusiasm evoked by the fact that Mr. George Alexander had produced a play which ran for only four nights. The British press and the British people, smiling through their tears, were immensely proud of Mr. Alexander. They seemed to think that he had done a deed of rarest courage and nobility. And now again they are in just this mood over Mrs. Brown Potter. Only rather more so; for Mrs. Potter has produced a play which she withdrew after only three nights. Pluck? It seems that there never was such a plucky woman. Ascend, madam, to the hierarchy of heroines, and make yourself comfortable between Antigone and Grace Darling. . . . It must be very nice to be an emotional person. My regret for Mrs. Potter's misadventure is unaccompanied by any cheerful sense of her heroism, and so is unmitigated. So much of work and hope and anxiety is involved in every theatrical production that I must needs be saddened whenever a play fails. If so be that the manager, stonily staring failure in the face and insisting that it is success, proceed to run the play at all hazards, then I have the comfort of being impressed by a display of reckless courage. But if the manager climb quickly down I can merely recognise an act of wisdom. And wisdom is such a tame affair, after all.

One result of Mrs. Potter's alacrity is that I did not see the play. I had secured a ticket for Monday evening; but, when Monday evening came, there was nothing for me to do but sit in my study, from 8.30 to 11 o'clock, trying, with closed eyes, to imagine that the play was being performed before me. I had read some criticisms of it, and I knew that one of the principal characters in it was a literary man. Him, especially, I tried to visualise. Presentments of literary men on the stage are a special hobby of mine. They are always delightful. And I had gathered that this particular one was more than usually delightful. Had Fate been kind enough to let me see the play, I should probably have devoted the greater part of this article to the presentment of the literary man, with some general remarks about literary men on the stage. As it is, I can but make the general remarks.

Partly, no doubt, it is the actors themselves who are responsible. The histrionic and the literary temperaments are of all temperaments furthest asunder. Actors, having so little in common with writers, see as little as possible of them. When an actor, cast for the part of a literary man, conscientiously penetrates into literary circles, to observe, he is very much disappointed. He wants a good make-up—something typical and sharply distinctive; and he looks for it in vain. Literary men look so very like other men. Their art, unlike the actor's, stamps no special seal upon their features and their gait. As for costume, and hair-dressing, the modern writer carefully shuns anything in the way of specialism. His dearest ambition is to be mistaken for a soldier. His ambition is unfulfilled; but he often succeeds in looking rather like a doctor. To make himself up rather like a doctor would be perhaps the most artistic course for an actor in the part of a literary man. But he feels that in the theatre there must be sharp certainty, even at the expense of truth. The audience must recognise him, at sight, as a literary man. How is he to achieve this end? I remember that some years ago, an actor, thus troubled, appealed to me privately and personally. I looked at myself in the glass, vainly. I searched the files of "The Bookman", vainly. All I could advise him to do, at last, was to stain the thumb and forefinger of his right hand with a little ink. I was touched to see, on the first night, that he had taken my advice. For the rest, he wore a jacket of brown velveteen, an Inverness cape, and a soft hat, irregular in shape. His face was painted very white—"sicklied o'er", as he would have said, "with the pale cast of thought". Further symbols of intellect were a pince-nez and a bald brow, behind which some brown hair streamed down upon his shoulders. He looked like nothing that is at present on the face of the earth. He looked rather like our idea of the Bohemians in the 'fifties. And that is just how other actors, in similar case, invariably do look.

Though writers have no hall-mark on their appearance, they do acquire, through practice of their art, a rather distinctive manner. Accustomed to express themselves through a medium wherein there is no place for gesture, or play of features, or modulation of the voice, they become peculiarly passive in their mode of conversation. Obligated in their work to dispense with such adventitious aids, they lose the power to use them in their off moments. But the actor has never detected this obvious peculiarity. At any rate, he does not reproduce it. Impersonating a writer, he behaves with as strenuous an animation as if he were impersonating himself. When a real writer reads aloud to you something that he has written, his calmness, as you must have noticed, becomes intensified. He drones to you, with half-closed eyes, in an unctuously faint monotone. It is not often that the writer as shown on the stage has an opportunity of reading aloud his own works: usually, his genius is to be taken on trust. But, sometimes, a greatly daring playwright will venture so far as to let him give you a taste of his quality. And then the unreality of him becomes more than ever effulgent. For the actor feels that here is his chance: here is a recitation, to be done for all it is worth. He takes the bit between his teeth, and races forth, with terrific impetus. One of the dearest of my recollections is of a fairly recent play whose hero was a young poet. He was entertaining some friends at his room in the Temple, and they asked him to read them some verses that he had just composed. At first, he demurred. "They are nothing", he said, modestly. They were not, indeed, very much—three stanzas of mildly pretty sentiment; but oh, you should have heard the actor declaim them! He was seated at a table when he began to read, but for the second stanza he rose to his full height, with flashing eyes and dilated chest; and for the third stanza he came down to the footlights, and roared at us like a bull. I shall never forget it.

So much for the actors. We must not forget the playwrights. They, despite the sacred and indissoluble union of literature and the drama, seem to be almost as hazy as actors in their notion of what literary men are like. I search my memory in vain for one passable presentment of a literary man in modern drama. Even in the most obvious and rudimentary part of their task they fail. The sharpest point of superficial difference between a literary man and his fellow-creatures is not the lack of animation in his mode of saying things (for in England animation is always rare), but the fact that what he says differs in form from what his fellow-creatures say. The literary man would like, no doubt, to express himself in conversation with soldierly abruptness and crypticism; but he cannot help being literary—cannot shake off that lucid formality which is essential to the task of writing. It should be easy enough for a playwright to suggest this manner. And yet he never does suggest it, unless he happen to be a playwright who cannot make any of his characters talk except with literary constructions—in which case the suggestion is valueless. Nor can I remember a modern play in which there was any semblance of truth in the presentment of a literary man's life or mode of work. I can but recall a number of "howlers". In one play—a very clever comedy—a great writer gravely asked his amanuensis if she had yet had time to correct the proofs of his forthcoming book. In another, another great writer said to his wife "Stay! I have an idea for a novel. Wait a moment, while I jot it down". In another a poet of the highest genius was seen at his desk, in the dawn, having completed a poem, all but the rhyme in the last line. This rhyme eluded him. He injected some opium in his wrist, murmuring over and over again

"The dark waves claim me for their own
Making murmur with infinite . . ."

"Ah", he shouted suddenly, "I've captured the little devil at last! I knew I should! 'Making murmur with infinite moan'". And so the dignity of the Muse was upheld, and all was well.

Seeing our playwrights' babe-like ignorance of the plainest facts about literary men, one can hardly wonder that in no play has there been any attempt at a study of

the literary man's inner soul. I doubt whether any playwright, however discerning, could succeed in presenting a great writer impressively. In the theatre we are so loth to take glorious things on trust. When some character is presented to us as a great explorer, or a victorious general, we don't succumb. We eye him suspiciously. We want some evidence. The great writer is similarly handicapped. Where are his books? On the other hand, though we are coy of believing in glorious things which cannot be verified, we are quick enough to take on trust absurd things, or even ordinary things. We are willing to believe that a character on the stage is a bad writer, or even a respectable writer. And the literary temperament is a thing not more common among good writers than among bad and indifferent ones. And it is an interesting thing. There ought to be a good play about it. I feel sure there will be one, some day, in Utopia.

MAX BEERBOHM.

CORNISH SKETCHES:

THE COLOURS OF CORNWALL.

THE postman comes to me once a morning from Ruan Minor, and asks if I have any letters to be posted. If I go into the little shop of all sorts, which is the post office as well, half an hour before post time, I find him helping to sort the letters, behind the grocery counter. Ruan Minor is a village without a street. Most of the cottages are built by the roadside, some turn aside from the road, along lanes of their own, and are built crosswise or around corners, to suit the natural angles. Almost all are thatched, and have flower gardens in front, and creepers up the wall. One cottage is built of corrugated iron, which is almost hidden by trails of purple clematis. There is only one shop besides the post office; though the shoemaker and the blacksmith and the carpenter have each a shanty. There is a church, and there are two chapels; but there is not a public-house in the village.

The cottage where I am staying is down in the valley, and to get to it you must go down an incredibly steep and winding hill. I have once seen a horse and cart go up that hill; I have never seen one come down. If you stop half-way, where there is a cottage, and look across under the branches of the trees, you will see a triangular patch of blue sea, and, forming one side of the triangle, the high straight cliffs going out to Pedn Boar. Between you and the water there is a high rocky croft, and when you go down into the valley you will see nothing but steep walls of green on all sides, which seem at night to be built half-way to the stars, shutting out the sea and the winds, and sheltering the valley.

On the hill behind the cottage there is another village, Kuggar, or, as the people call it, Kigger. It is smaller than Ruan Minor, and has no post office, only a pillar-box, which is cleared once a day; no shop and no church. A steep road passes through it which leads down to Kennack Bay, winding between low hedges; on the further side there is another valley, with sloping corn fields, scarred by waste rocky places which no plough can pass over, and green meadows where cattle graze; and then, beyond the first stretch of sand, yet another valley, like a hollow cut out of the solid earth, and now grown over with a soft multitude of trees and gorse and heather, which rise into rocks and drop to a stream flowing between reeds, on the edge of the sand. Beyond, in the eastern bay, there is another valley, and then the cliffs begin, and go on across rocky plains of heather to Coverack, where they turn bare, and so on to Pedn Boar and Black Head. The coast here, seen from Kennack, is at once violent and soft, at once wild and placid, with its broad outlines and delicacy of detail, the variety of its colour, form, and mingled rock and pasturage. Here things are constantly falling into pictures; nature here, though opulent, is by no means indiscriminate. And it is this touch of reticence, this fine composition, this natural finesse, that saves a country so picturesque from the reproach of an obvious picturesqueness: these soft gradations, this mastery of fine shades, nature's surprising tact in refraining from her favourite effects of emphasis.

If, instead of turning to the right as you go through

Kuggar, you turn to the left, and follow a flat road going inland, you will come out presently upon the downs. The road divides by the double cottage where the four dogs sit in their four barrels under the signpost; one way will take you across the downs to Mullion or the Lizard, and the other way will take you to Helston, or, if you turn aside from it, to a multitude of places with strange names, Constantine, Bosahan, or S. Anthony in Meneage. There is a walk from Gillan Creek, by the quaint little church of S. Anthony, along the edge of the cliff to Helford, which, in its mingling of sea and river and forest, its rocks and sandy coves and luxuriant vegetation, is unlike anything I have seen in England. Leaving Dennis Head, from which you can see Falmouth across the curve of the sea, and following the broad Helford River by the rabbit-warrens, you go, by a public path, along the margin of the grounds of Bosahan, where woods carpeted with ferns come down to the sea's edge, and narrow paths lead up between clustering hydrangeas and exotic plants and grasses and tall bamboos, which grow there exuberantly, as if in their native soil.

I am never tired of walking and driving across the downs, though they are empty of shape, except where a barrow heaves them, or a pool lies among reeds by the roadside. They are coloured with the white and purple of heather, and with the yellow of gorse, and a wind from the sea passes over them and goes on to the sea. You can see the sea towards Cadgwith on one side of Cornwall, and the Marconi posts at Mullion on the other side of Cornwall. And at night there are marvellous sunsets, filling the whole breadth of the sky, and building up delicate patterns there, in colours like the colours of flowers, transfigured by light.

It is for its colour, largely, that I love Cornwall, and wherever you walk, on moorland, croft, meadow, or cliffside, there is a continual soft insistence and alternation of colour. On the downs the heather grows sparsely, and is less like a carpet of Eastern weaving, than on the cliffs beyond Kennack, where one's feet tread upon colours and scents, and all the ground is in bloom. Grey rocks come up amongst these soft coverings, and go down, tufted with the elastic green and faint yellow of samphire, into the sea; and the rocks are spotted with lichen of violent gold, which is almost orange. Everywhere there is the sharp white of cottage walls, and the gentle browns and greys of thatch; flowers of all colours swarm against the whitewash, and creepers catch at the eaves and nod in at the windows: red, white, purple, and yellow. White sea-gulls with their brown young ones fly out over the water in circles; cormorants sit like black weather-cocks, each on a solitary point of rock; inland, the crows cut black patterns on the sky; the grey sandpipers run over the grey sand. And there are the many colours of sand, sulphurous and salmon-coloured rocks, painted rocks, with all the intricate colourings of serpentine; and there is the sea, with its warm blue, when it seems almost human, and its chill green, when it seems fairy, and its white foam of delight, and the misery of its grey dwindling away into mist.

Autumn is beginning: the bracken is shrivelling brown, and the heather darkening, and the gorse drying to dust and flowering yellow, and the grasses withering, and the leaves of the trees yellowing and falling. The corn has all been carried, and stands, golden beside the pale hay, in great solemn ricks in the farmyards. All the green things of the earth begin to brighten a little before they fade.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"RUSSIA AS IT IS NOT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 26 September, 1904.

SIR,—In fairness to me may I ask you to set right several mistakes which your critic made in reviewing my book, "Russia as it Really Is"?

In order to prove that my knowledge of Russian affairs is not so extensive as I claim it to be, he cites what he is pleased to consider several errors in the

book. In the first place he quarrels with me because the cook of one of my friends in Russia is an expert at preparing a dish of sausages and cabbage. I confess I cannot see why she should not be able to cook this particular dish in Russia nor what bearing her culinary efficiency has upon the truth of my statements. In the next place your critic says that I have called a passport a "chorosho povidenia". I never did anything of the kind. Indeed I was at some pains to explain the difference between a passport and a "chorosho povidenia" to my readers. Your critic has evidently confused in his mind a "droshka" with a "jin-rikshaw". He speaks of a "droshka" as a "particularly flimsy vehicle", accuses me of driving in one from Yaroslav to Tomsk—which I have never done and never said that I have done—and states that the distance is "several hundred miles", whereas it is some thousands. He goes on to say that Russians are not in the habit of reading the list of arrivals at S. Petersburg hotels in the Paris edition of the "New York Herald". Here, again, I never said that they are. The two men who read of my arrival in S. Petersburg in that journal were an American and an Englishman, as I have stated in the book. Your critic sagely objects that the Governor of Moscow would not ask strangers to dine with him at a first interview on the strength of an introductory letter from an excommunicated doctor of medicine. Very possibly he would not. But if your critic had read "Russia as it Really Is" before reviewing it, he would have discovered that I did not receive my introduction to the Governor from "an excommunicated doctor of medicine", but from an official whose status I have given as "ispravnik", though that was not actually the position which he held.

Then, with a burst of Christian (orthodox) charity, your critic says: "Let us grant that these and other errors of a similar nature throughout the book are but trivial slips"! Not to be behindhand in generosity, I too will say: "Let us grant that these and other errors of a similar nature throughout the review are but trivial slips."

Yours faithfully,

CARL JOUBERT.

[We beg to assure Mr. Joubert that we had no intention of quarrelling with him "because his friend's cook is an expert at preparing" a savoury dish of sausages and Sauerkraut. Our only object was to point out that the word "Kolbash", employed by Mr. Joubert, is not Russian. Neither is "chorosho povidenia" of which Mr. Joubert states (p. 158) that it is "sometimes a more useful document than a passport." There is no such vehicle as a jin-rikshaw in use in Russia. The droshky, not droshka, is a flimsily built conveyance used for town-cab purposes and is totally unfit for long country-road journeys. We regret that we mistook the nationality of Mr. Joubert's friends who are in the habit of referring to a newspaper published in Paris for information concerning visitors staying at S. Petersburg hotels. Regarding the letter of introduction which gained for Mr. Joubert an immediate invitation to dinner at the house of the Governor of Moscow, the fact alone that it was signed by the *ispravnik* (a petty rural police officer) and not by his friend the excommunicated doctor unfortunately does not tend to enhance the efficacy of its reputed magical properties.—ED. S. R.]

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Canada Life Assurance Company,
14 King William Street, 30 September, 1904.

SIR,—While thanking you for the notice of this, the oldest Colonial Life Assurance institution in the Empire, which appeared in your issue of the 24th inst., I would venture to point out that the author of the article apparently displays some little prejudice, which is regrettable, and on one or two points he is altogether in error.

It is true we get credit for valuing our new business on a 3 per cent. basis, but it is stated that we only earn

£4 8s. per cent., whereas we claim that our interest earnings last year were over £4 11s. per cent. calculating the rate on the mean of our funds, as is usual. A difference of over 3s. per cent. on £5,360,000 is obviously something quite considerable, and if the writer of the article previously thought our bonus prospects "fairly good", as he stated, he must now admit, in view of this 3s. per cent. understatement, that they have improved very materially.

We admit that our ratio of expenses to premium income is at the moment rather high, but we deny that this in itself indicates extravagant management, as the article suggests. It is quite possible for an office to have a ratio of expense to premium income of over 30 per cent., and yet be more economically administered than another office whose ratio is only 10 per cent. On this point I may state that since 1900 we have opened, furnished, and equipped over thirty new branches in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, and have written off every penny of expense connected therewith. We have no item of "Furniture and Fittings at Head Office and Branches" figuring in our balance-sheet as an asset; and when it is borne in mind that in three short years we have nearly trebled our new business I think it must be admitted that our expenses are moderate. For the next few years we do not intend entering fresh fields, but rather to bend our energies to the task of consolidating and strengthening our organisation in the territories we already operate in, so that it may be confidently anticipated that our expense ratio will gradually fall to normal proportions.

Your reviewer states: "We have not been able to discover any policy in its prospectus which offers superior attractions to those which can be obtained elsewhere." We do not pretend to claim that the "Canada Life" is able to confer miraculous benefits on its policy-holders, but we do claim to offer Life assurance combined with a good investment, to the British public, in as attractive and substantial a fashion as they can get elsewhere, and we claim further, that as Canada has unquestionably a very great future before it, this company, as its principal Life office, must share in that greatness.

I cannot understand the statement that the 10 per cent. share of surplus belonging to the proprietors must be regarded, from any point of view, as expenditure. Would the writer of the article regard the 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. share of surplus which some of the very best of home Life offices reserve for their proprietors in the same way? If he did he would very quickly be shown the other side of the shield. He would be shown that proprietary companies give a good quid pro quo to their policy-holders for any dividends that proprietors may get.

I am, yours truly,
A. D. CHEYNE, Manager.

THE FASHIONABLE DOCTOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Obviously your contributor is an idealist. I am a realist. Moreover, it fell to my lot to be born and bred in the Æsculapian atmosphere of Harley Street, the headquarters of the healing art. Therefore, I am in a position to speak of the higher walks of the medical profession from an intimate knowledge of its inner life. Familiarity, frankly, has bred contempt in certain cases, not so much, however, for the man's kindness as for his intelligence and skill: and a critical disposition has made me ready to see faults rather than to gloss over imperfections. Herein I am a realist: but, nevertheless, I feel that your contributor has been unfair by exacting an ideal in a world of shortcomings.

The doctor of every rank is much what the public has made him—that public which in extremis demands so much, but when convalescent grudges the cost and is the first to complain. Again, the public regard a man's cuffs rather than his qualifications: and the frayed linen of the newly qualified genius does not appeal to them in the same way as the dandiacal sheen of prosperity. In the struggle for existence, which in Harley Street means years of labour before the large

debit is turned into a reasonable credit, a man must make himself known. It is unprofessional to advertise. He must use his personality and go out into society. However hard the day's work has been, he must put in his appearance at my lady's rout and shake the hand of which to-morrow he will feel the pulse. If not, he will go to the wall. Again, when a success and the master of annual thousands, he is expected by the exigencies of our social code in his turn to entertain: or he puts himself under the stigma of meanness. It is, also, a legitimate way of keeping himself in the public eye. Moreover, by the time of his success he has daughters to marry; and for their sakes he is forced to entertain the world and his wife, however wrapped up he may be in Röntgen rays or the bad behaviour of bacteria. Your contributor's ideal, morbid, monkish, mediæval, would live and die unknown, lost in the keen competition of the times we live in. A skeleton would years afterwards be found in a disused Harley Street attic: and by its side a scalpel rusty from never having been used. Such a life would be wasted for all the good it would do. We do not live in an age of ideals. We must adapt ourselves to the age, until we are big enough men to adapt the age to ourselves.

Again, is it desirable that our doctors should live a life apart and not share in our dinners and our bridge-parties? We should lose many of our most intellectual companions and our most brilliant conversationalists, to say nothing of sans-atout, for no reason beyond a sentiment carried to excess. Jack would become a dull boy, lacking sadly in knowledge of the world. For a doctor give me a man of the world, gifted with good manners and great tact, grafted on unimpeachable qualifications. I want no theorist, no idealist to tap my chest or remove my useful appendix—I want a man I can meet on common ground and level terms: and then I will give him my confidence. The case your contributor cites is an extreme one. All doctors have their consulting hours: and nothing could be more decorously dull during the prescribed periods than their houses. Only urgent illness should be allowed to intrude upon his little leisure; and then generous allowance should be made. In conclusion, may I add that for years, as a physician's son, I had the best that Harley Street could give me gratis; and now that I pay fees like others outside the profession, I do not find myself more carefully or kindly treated, for that were impossible. The doctor of the "itching palm" doubtless exists, but he is an exception, one of a greedy few discoverable in every walk of life.

I enclose my card and beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

E. G. J. B.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S PUPPETS.

S.S. "Saxon": 27 September, 1904.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On my way to South Africa, I have seen in your issue of 24 September a review of my novel, "A Ladder of Swords", which is little likely to inspire gratitude or respect in the mind of its author. The tone and temper of the article seem to belong to the field of suburban politics, with its acrimony and its misrepresentation, rather than to that quieter garden of literature where judgment should be serene and criticism above malice.

In reference to this particular review, I will not press the point that 90 per cent. of the criticisms in journals as important as the SATURDAY REVIEW have found in this tale the true Elizabethan spirit and simplicity and naturalness as well. It is possible that all their judgments were wrong, and that the writer in the SATURDAY REVIEW is right, but the evidence does not point that way. I venture to say that my knowledge of the Elizabethan period and my feeling for the literature and for the events of that time will bear distinguished comparison with the obvious and reckless ignorance of your critic. He complains of theatrical verbiage and he quotes words which he does not recognise as the words of Elizabeth, in a letter which she wrote to her brother, Edward VI., when she was yet a very young woman and under the tuition of one of the most remarkable scholars that

England knew. He flings these sentences in my face as the utterances of "puppets".

"Ye have drawn a fair picture of this mortal me, and though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, give by weather, may be spoiled by chance, yet my loyal mind nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow."

These are not my words. It was my duty to represent Elizabeth as she was, in so far as my reading of history and my humble capacity could make that possible. Elizabeth was theatrical in most of her public utterances. Her speech to the people at the May Day celebration, which forms one of the chapters of my book, was in actual substance and in tone a speech which she actually did deliver on just such an occasion as I indicate. English historians of Elizabeth's time know well that she had the glaring defects of her great qualities. She loved England well, but she loved Elizabeth scarcely less. Her public life was one long series of political and personal evasions. She was ever playing to the gallery. That she was great enough to emerge triumphant and celebrated from these theatrical demonstrations is evidence of a powerful and noble personality.

In writing of her in this little tale, not intended to be more than it was—a slight but true historical episode, I meant to give, as far as I went, a truthful impression of this woman, whom, as Queen, the necessities of policy drove into rhetorical hypocrisies of sentiment and action. Your reviewer finds nothing of this in my book. If he had not displayed, as he has displayed, in his review, a peevish ignorance almost unbelievable in the pages of the cultured and erudite SATURDAY REVIEW, I should not have asked for space to refer to the article. It is the first occasion since I began to write books that I have ever made any public response to a criticism good or bad, but the occasion warrants this exception to a wise rule. If, as the writer of your article in the last words of it suggests, I should do well not to make automata that have no intelligence, it might be equally well, were your reviewer to apply his intelligence to themes within his knowledge and his grasp. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
GILBERT PARKER.

[Sir Gilbert Parker takes the letter of a "very young woman", still "under the tuition of one of the most remarkable scholars that England knew", in an age that strove in writing to be bombastic and artificial, and uses it for the impromptu reply of the same woman, grown robust and impetuous, and well past her middle years, to a question which had no conceivable relation to the occasion which had prompted her epistle. Could any more damning evidence be required of an indifferent imagination? Sir Gilbert Parker seems to think we are quarrelling with his judgment of Queen Elizabeth. Really we never considered it. What could it matter? It would indeed have been malicious to try Sir Gilbert's story by any historic standard. "One does not complain that the facts and the people are out of keeping with a specified time, but that they are out of keeping with all time." Our fault is that we do not take Sir Gilbert Parker at his own estimate. We take him rather at the estimate of his Canadian fellow-countrymen.—Ed. S. R.]

EXPERTS IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glington Rectory, Market Deeping.

SIR,—May I make my little protest against a growing use of the word infinite? It is used to mean anything incalculable either by reason of its magnitude or of our ignorance, a good many, or a good deal. For instance, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in introducing his Budget, said, that if a shilling more were put on each barrel of beer, the takings of the Excise would be infinitely less. That is the worst instance I have noticed. It is not merely screaming, it may be likened to the reporter's "almost decimated" when he meant that a troop had lost nearly every man in it.

Yours faithfully, R. C. FAITHFULL.

REVIEWS.

CRITICISM AND MR. SAINTSBURY.

"A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day." By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1904. 20s. net.

REVIEWING the second volume of Mr. Saintsbury's "History of Criticism" more than a year and a half ago, we pointed out that the period which that volume dealt with represented a spectacle dreary enough: inky persons squabbling over terms with a complete unconsciousness that around them, at the very moment, life is going on its way uninterrupted. The present volume, which goes, roughly speaking, from Lessing to Pater, deals with what might properly be termed the age of criticism, and here Mr. Saintsbury, not unnaturally, is much more entertaining, as well as much more genuinely instructive. No writer, and the critic least of all, can make bread without corn, and here the chronicler of criticism has at last something adequate to chronicle. Even now we are not convinced that Mr. Saintsbury is really an adequate critic, or that he is always able to explain to us why when he admires good writers he admires them. But we can no longer say that his history "does not say a single illuminating thing about the art of which it is an exposition", especially after reading page 533, in which the instantaneous and inevitable quality of what is essentially poetry is defined and defended with an uncommon exactitude of vigour. What is said on that page is so true that one would have been tempted to describe it as a truism, before reading this immense volume, from which one learns how few among even the great critics of the world have learnt so much as that A B C of criticism.

How far this volume will have any general popularity we are unable to say: probably its subject is against it; but, in spite of much incidental anger, we have read it through with an amount of interest which no theoretical differences could diminish. Gray, Lessing, Goethe, Diderot, Joubert, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, Nietzsche, Pater: what a list grows up under one's pen, in a mere recollection of the writers of whom Mr. Saintsbury treats! And though it may be thought that he is a little less than just to Lessing, Goethe, and even Lamb, and a little more than just to Hazlitt and Sainte-Beuve, there is not one of these names, or of a hundred minor ones, to which at least due space and a judgment as impartial as may be is not given. Let us, then, take from Mr. Saintsbury a few instances of that faculty of "enthusiastic appreciation", which he himself considers "the highest function of criticism". First, there is Coleridge, and among the best pages in the book are the pages on Coleridge. "So, then, there abide these three, Aristotle, Longinus, and Coleridge", he tells us with no more than due emphasis; and, on another page: "Aristotle, Longinus, Coleridge, are *creeds*". Blake, a very great and a very little understood critic, is accepted at something like his true worth; and it is justly said of some of his critical flashes that "they are almost enough to start, in a fit mind, the whole system of romantic criticism in its more abstract form, and sometimes even in its particular and concrete appellations". Homely and forgotten folk, like the Rev. John Mason, who in 1749 wrote excellently on "The Power of Numbers and the Principles of Harmony in Poetic Compositions" are dragged out of their obscurity, and set back in daylight, while the gangs of Giffords are thrust back contemptuously into that outer darkness in which their gnashings of teeth were so long heard. Prim popular pretenders, like the late Mr. Hutton, are duly characterised, while a demoralised, but essentially sane, critic like the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" is given no more than his due, but the whole of it. Here we shall find equal justice done to Diderot and to Gray, and we shall find justice done, perhaps for the first time, to Chateaubriand, in whom is recognised "the first brilliant exponent of Critical Imagination", "the first great practitioner of imaginative criticism since Longinus

himself". If Joubert could be overpraised, the pages which follow would have overpraised him; but the mere extracts which accompany the praise justify it. Baudelaire is not forgotten, and Gautier is praised with warmth and precision.

The pages on Pater are so full of just, and, even now, not too common, enthusiasm, they vindicate for him so rightly the position of the most precise definer and formulariser of the whole modern tendency in criticism; they express, in fact, something so like genuine discipleship, that one hardly likes to cavil at the uncertain choice among Pater's work, and, in particular, the selection of the "Essays from the 'Guardian'" as in any sense representative. Mr. Saintsbury is even in a little confusion as to the exact matter contained in that volume, or he would not represent the Wordsworth review as a "tender, or rather pilot-boat" to the essay on Wordsworth in "Appreciations", or say that "actual passages and phrases from the smaller, earlier, and less important work also appear in the larger and later". The fact is that the Wordsworth review is made up almost wholly out of the "Appreciations" essay, which had already appeared in the "Fortnightly Review".

But in these pages there is not only "enthusiastic appreciation" of a refreshing and reasonable kind, there is also a certain amount of very welcome protest against false idols and false ideals. The account of Taine's "History of English Literature" may perhaps be unduly indifferent to the fact that the book is, as Mr. Saintsbury admits, "perhaps the history of literature which has most of literature itself"; but it is no more nor less than strictly accurate in its emphatic insistence on what is "null", "ludicrous", and "positively and utterly worthless" in that "famous and engaging" book. There is much, and much that is essential, in Goethe that Mr. Saintsbury does not see; but there is a great amount of truth in his protest against the vague general worship of Goethe which is still not extinct in England, and especially in his protest against the somewhat futile and misleading theory of "culture" for which Goethe must be made responsible. It is well that someone should have said, of the favourite "er kann jetzt nicht mehr helfen", the reference of all excellence in literature to its personal and private utility, that "the idea that such and such a writer 'won't pay', that you can't 'get culture' out of him, is the pure Philistinism of culture itself". It is in dealing with such questions as these that Mr. Saintsbury's corsair qualities are seen at their best; he has no flag to fight under, acknowledges no treaty with the enemy, and can capture many strong positions by surprise.

Thus, throughout the book, he does good service by attacking many high-walled formulas, and, to the best of his lights, he is undoubtedly honest in attacking what he attacks; yet it is impossible to read these pages without realising that he is frequently attacking, not formulae behind their walls, but living ideas, which he mistakes for them. Is there not indeed in his mind a certain prejudice against ideas themselves? We find him praising Schlegel for "being freer than any German critic from a temptation to 'speak off book', to shirk and jilt the Book itself, for expatiatory flirtations with so-called Ideas". He adds: "He is in the main faithful to Literature, and there is no higher praise". What, then, does he take literature to be, if he would divorce it even from ideas? Take ideas from literature, and what remains is technique, a matter which cannot be too carefully considered, if only it is not allowed to take the place of the end towards which it is a means. All Mr. Saintsbury's sneers at "Philosophy" come to that: a refusal to consider fundamental ideas. We see it in the curious foot-note in which he explains his reasons for not giving Keats (though he gives Shelley) a place in the text. Admitting that Keats' letters are "full of critical or quasi-critical passages of the highest interest", he declines to consider them as criticism because they are "somewhat too spontaneous and automatic, somewhat too much of a mere other phase of his creation". Here, that is, he finds fundamental criticism, the only wholly valuable kind, "poetry speaking of herself", and he will not listen, because he can recognise it only when it comes to him as something external. For the same reason he does not even mention Rossetti, who has left finer fragments

of poetic criticism than anyone since Coleridge; and he does less than justice to the admirable shots and stabs of sheer criticism in Byron's letters, because Byron theorised badly. He snarls at Coventry Patmore on account of a number of petulant absurdities of opinion which need only to be forgotten, while he overlooks the great amount of really subtle and precise criticism of first principles which Patmore's prose contains. By what form of mental juggling he is able to persuade himself that the criticism of Blake, indeed the best criticism of Coleridge, which he so sincerely admires, is not similarly automatic and spontaneous, is not a very onslaught and ravishing of ideas, we cannot say. But it is good to find his practice at times so much better than his precepts.

In some defiantly apologetic pages, given up partly to a denunciation of aesthetics and of philosophical criticism, Mr. Saintsbury tells us exactly what he has to offer in his "History of Criticism": "I set before myself and my readers at the outset the promise of a simple survey of the actual critical opinions, actually expressed, in 'judging of authors', by the actual critics of recorded literature. . . . Here are the simple facts, disengaged by a certain amount of hard labour from their more or less accessible sources and quarries, and ranged, whether ill or well, yet at any rate with some system, and in such a fashion that they must be reasonably easy to master. . . . I have, in short, endeavoured to give a tolerably complete collection of facts which have never been collected before." That is a sturdy promise, and, so far as it can be, it has been kept. Here is, indeed, a vast, instructive, and most entertaining collection of facts, collected with untiring diligence, and, in themselves, invaluable to the student of literature. But a fact is not a fossil which can be ticketed and put into a compartment of its own; a fact in literature is a living thing, which bears traces of every handling. Now in the first place Mr. Saintsbury handles his facts very roughly. He loses no opportunity of displaying before us his proud and pampered triviality of mind, and he cultivates a manner of writing which can be seen succinctly in two examples: "*C'est mon métier à moi d'être professeur de littérature*, and I am not going to *parvify* my office": that is one. This is the other: "The rest the *Lector Benevolus* may consider as destined to form part *du Quart Livre*, if I may speak Pantagruelically". Mr. Saintsbury has written on English prose, and he can at least appreciate what Pater has written in that "Essay on Style" which he calls "altogether, in short, a great paper—a 'furthest' in certain directions". And that is how he expresses his appreciation! In the manner of it, then, this book is trying to read, and facts can hardly escape some damage in a handling of this rough and ready sort. But there is something more essential than manner, there is the whole attitude of mind on which the presentation of every fact depends. There, it seems to us, in that contempt of fundamental ideas, that "Parnassian" rejection of everything in literature but its technique (has Mr. Saintsbury caught it straight from Gautier?) he has done much to lessen or distort the value of all this material on which he has, in spite of himself, left so much of his own imprint.

THE PSALMS IN THE HANDS OF THE RESTORER.

"The Book of Psalms." By T. K. Cheyne. London: Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 1904. 32s.
 "Critica Biblica." Part V.: Joshua and Judges. By T. K. Cheyne. London: Black. 1904. 3s.

NO modern scholar has done more than Professor Cheyne to make the Psalms intelligible to English readers. For freshness and depth of insight his commentary, published sixteen years ago, still stands without a rival. But Professor Cheyne is never satisfied with the work of the past, whether it is his own or another's; always eagerly on the look-out for new truth, always ready to assimilate it, one of the most stimulating and open-minded of modern teachers, he has never failed to place himself in the van of the forward movement. It is well known that in recent

years his views have undergone a radical change owing to his conversion to the North Arabian theory of the Berlin professor, Hugo Winckler; but he has developed this theory on lines entirely his own and in the most far-reaching manner. In the new "Encyclopædia" it is applied to the subject-matter of the Old Testament; in "Critica Biblica" its consequences for the Hebrew text are worked out in detail; and now we have it enforced upon the Book of Psalms. The present commentary is not a second edition of the former one, but an entirely new book. There is something heroic in the thoroughness with which this distinguished scholar has sacrificed his past work, and worked through the Old Testament afresh in the light of the new truth as he conceives it. He has persuaded himself that the text of our Hebrew Bible is not merely a profoundly corrupt but a deliberately altered form of the original; in fact the Old Testament is a palimpsest. "This is plainer in some books than in others, but nowhere is it more manifest than in the Psalter." The underlying text was first of all corrupted in its early stages, and then manipulated to produce an edifying sense: so that what we have in our hands is practically two Psalters, the newer preserved in the current Hebrew and Greek form, the older exhibited in the present volumes. The effect is in the highest degree surprising. Thus cleaned and restored, the familiar hymns of Israel look out at us with the face of a stranger. We are assured that they still possess a spiritual value; but the universal language of the religious soul has been transposed into a vocabulary so tribal and remote that we cannot conceive how it can be used any longer for purposes of devotion. The Psalms are discovered to be, in their original form, nothing more than an outlet for the pent-up feelings of the Jews under North Arabian oppression; throughout the same note is sounded with wearisome iteration; verse after verse is filled with the names of these oppressive tribes. Thus the noble exordium of Ps. XC. "Domine refugium" becomes:

"O Lord! thou wast our stronghold,
Our God age after age,
Before thou didst exalt Jerahmeel,
And didst magnify Missur and Ishmael.
Mayest thou put Ishmael to flight,
And say, Be disappointed, ye sons of Edom!
For the Jerahmeelites tread thy people down,
The Ishmaelites, the Arabians, and the Misrites."

It is bewildering to find that Jerahmeel is not only a name for Israel's enemies; the Psalmists themselves and the godly adherents of Israel's faith are often Jerahmeelites; even Jehovah is sometimes Jerahmeel. And this is not all. Plain facts of history and geography have to give way to the new theory. The deportation of the Jews which has left most traces on the later writings of the Old Testament was not to Babylonia but to North Arabia—the statements of 2 Kings are to be altered accordingly; while the North Arabian border, the "Negeb" of the Bible, a region of inhospitable mountains, from time immemorial, one imagines, the haunt of wandering Bedouin, was in antiquity "a prosperous and productive land"—any assertion to the contrary must be "certainly corrupt". Hardly less remarkable is the uniformity of the double process of early corruption and later manipulation; we are asked to believe that an original Jerahmeel or Elohim has been converted seventy-four times into "Selah", Jerahmeel-Ashhur fifty-six times into "to the chief musician", that the seventy-three psalms entitled "By David" originally bore the superscription "Of Arabethan".

We have tried to examine Dr. Cheyne's principles of textual restoration without bias; we should be willing to sacrifice opinions and associations if the demand of truth were clear; but we are convinced that the sacrifice is not called for in the present case. No doubt the text of the Old Testament has suffered more than we have been accustomed to think; we must make fuller allowance for the vicissitudes and accidents which it underwent before the rise of the Massoretic school in the seventh and eighth centuries of our era, when the present recension was finally fixed. Many forms and phrases upon which grammarians have exercised their ingenuity are merely corruptions; conventional render-

ings are adopted which a close inspection finds to be suspicious. It is the merit of Dr. Cheyne that, by drawing attention to this state of affairs, he has roused students to a keener investigation. But the principles by which he seeks to restore the original text we believe to be fallacious. The North Arabian theory is based upon grounds which may be sufficient to justify an application of it within well-defined limits, but are certainly not enough to warrant a wholesale subversion of Israelite history; in any case it is inconceivable that it can be used as the universal solvent of the Hebrew text. The extremities to which Professor Cheyne is driven in order to make his instrument work are enough to discredit it. We must, of course, keep an open mind on the subject of conjectural emendation; when no help is to be obtained from the ancient versions, it is the one resource left; but a conjecture is only convincing when it offers a natural relief from a difficulty in accordance with the idiom and sense of the passage; conjectures based upon what, in the critic's opinion, a psalmist or prophet ought to have written possess comparatively little worth. The Old Testament itself furnishes a standard of the amount of textual corruption which it is reasonable to expect. A good many passages exist in duplicate, differing considerably in details though agreeing in the main. Comparing these duplicates together we find that letters are confused, words are spelled differently, irregular forms are replaced by normal ones; we find also clear traces of editorial handiwork, as for instance the alteration of the Divine name in a certain collection of the Psalms, or the numerous cases in which the Chronicler has impressed his characteristic point of view upon his excerpts from Kings. But a comparison of these duplicate passages is far from leading to the conclusion that the original text was so fundamentally different from what we have as Dr. Cheyne supposes. As literature and as the lofty utterances of religious faith the Psalms have stood marvellously the test of time; they could not have done so if their language had been deeply corrupted; a corrupt text is not usually vastly superior in quality and sense to the original. It is a matter for regret that Dr. Cheyne, who has rendered such invaluable services to biblical science, should have committed himself to a position which it is impossible to accept. Clever and ingenious, the fruit of immense industry and learning, this edition of the Psalms can be regarded only as a critical tour de force.

THE TRUE CAVALRY SPIRIT.

"With the Inniskilling Dragoons: the Record of a Cavalry Regiment during the Boer War, 1899-1902." By Lieut.-Colonel J. Watkins Yardley. London: Longmans. 1904. 16s. net.

THE appearance of this book is decidedly opportune, at first sight it might be taken to be merely a regimental history of the gallant Inniskilling Dragoons in the late war, but in fact it is that and a great deal more. We can recall how, towards the end of the war, one of the daily papers asked the questions: Why are not the cavalry employed? What are they doing? In this book answers to these questions will be found. It is no uncommon thing to hear infantry officers, especially those who were engaged in the early part of the war, declare that the majority of our cavalry were "useless". This is a terrible indictment and unfortunately there is a considerable amount of truth in it. Why then was this the case? We believe we can give at any rate a partial solution. Any officer who seriously studied war and who took part in our field days and manœuvres during the quarter of a century immediately preceding the war, will readily recall the systematic "dead-set" then made at cavalry. Nothing they did was allowed to be successful: the Umpire Staff, either from subserviency or ignorance or both, into whose heads the disasters which befell the French cavalry at Wörth and Sedan had been dinned, consistently ruled that all charges of our cavalry in mimic warfare were "impossible". The Staff College School, which in those days positively battered on the "War of 1870" and which largely figured on the Umpire Staff at all

field operations, echoed these views. A few independent officers alone, notably men of the type of Sir Baker Russell, inveighed bitterly at these absurd decisions of the umpires, mostly by the way artillery or infantrymen, and predicted that they were sapping all the initiative in what used to be reckoned as our most forward arm. That such proved to be the case was only too apparent to those who served with the cavalry in South Africa, for there the true "cavalry spirit", save in a few brilliant cases, was literally dead in our army at the beginning of the war, killed by faulty umpiring and by false theories in peace time. The majority of cavalry officers went into the war with few ideas beyond dismounting and shooting, few wanted to gallop at their enemy, whatever they may say now; it was not until the later phases of the war, when our horses were lightly loaded and when good horse-management had become the rule, that this desire, the true desire of the cavalry soldier, repossessed them. When the war began, the Boers had no idea of facing lances and swords, and no wonder! It was only after our leaders, in a moment of temporary aberration, had ordered these weapons to be thrown aside that the Boers, feeling that there was now nothing to fear from us at close quarters, actually took to riding down the British troops: in fact, they acted as cavalry, for they made their horses their "principal weapon" and by their aid closed in upon and overwhelmed their enemy. For when once the issue is joined, it is immaterial whether sword, lance, revolver or rifle is wielded to destroy the foe.

Readers of this book will learn how at Carolina the Boers under Toby Smuts actually charged the Inniskillings, and rode through them, killing and wounding many, among the latter the writer of the book, Lieut.-Colonel Yardley. On this occasion our cavalry was, in consonance with the abnormal tactics of South Africa, spread out in thin lines over miles of front and the Boers "drilled a hole" through them, to use the expressive parlance of a Dragoon, and played mischief with the morale of the men. Rimington's return to the regiment was signalled by a quick revival of the true cavalry spirit, for he at once began to gallop at the Boers and never stopped doing so, upon favourable opportunities arising, till the end of the war. Thus it came about that on 12 February the men who had been ridden down by the Boers four months previously, rode over the same commando and handled them severely; "fondled them with their swords" in the words of a typical Irish Dragoon. It is instructive to read how Rimington invariably supported his cavalry attacks by shell-fire and it is significant to note that he lost but few men in his bold tactics and made many captures of Boers, for his gallant fellows never hesitated to try to get at the enemy.

The public are naturally sorely perplexed on the subject of our cavalry tactics and training, for Lord Roberts and the "Times" between them have managed greatly to confuse the true issues of the future rôle of cavalry in war. Lord Kitchener in his recent order on military training dealt with the theoretical side of cavalry, but those who have served under him have little doubt but that in practice he wants his cavalry to go in at their enemy. It is at any rate significant and a very hopeful sign that he has selected as his cavalry adviser Colonel Haig, an officer who notoriously has no leanings towards making our cavalry a species of glorified mounted infantry of the Robertsonian type. The "Times" in a recent article which savoured much of the style of yet another "Fleet Street Cardwell", one who, whatever may be his position, is certainly no cavalry officer, would appear to have misled the public as to the intentions of the compilers of the new Cavalry Book. Happily for our cavalry, there has been a complete swing of the pendulum since the time when Lord Roberts spread consternation among the capable cavalry officers we possess by his astounding dictum that in future the rifle was to be viewed as "the principal weapon" of the cavalry soldier! Such officers ask themselves what would be their fate and that of their men if upon meeting a division of European cavalry, whilst their leading brigade dismounted to shoot at the dust raised by it in front, they found themselves charged on both flanks by regi-

ments detached for the purpose. To be consistent, it is obvious that the second phase of such a fight would be for the supporting brigade of British cavalry, in place of charging and succouring their comrades, to dismount and fire at the mêlée of friends and foes in front! It would seem that in such an eventuality the last state of the unfortunate brigade in front line would be even worse than its first state. It seems almost impossible to disabuse many military men, let alone civilians, of the idea that hostile cavalry divisions who will meet ten miles or more in front of the armies they are detached from, far away from infantry support, will not at once resort to little hedgerow battles, such as the public are familiar with in the mimic warfare in the English lanes. We would respectfully suggest that all those interested in cavalry should read, or if read, read once again, Prince Kraft's "Cavalry" and thus clear their brains from the muddle of South African ideas and the absurdity of the "Cavalry instructions" issued last year "by authority" by those who have apparently permitted the breath of the veld to obfuscate their intellects. The German Official Account of the War gave our cavalry all credit for their conduct under French at Dekiel's Drift on the road to Kimberley, when they lived up to their finest traditions. Had the right man been in the right place and our horses not been starved nigh to death for ten days or so at Paardeberg (owing to the "excellence" of the Staff arrangements) a similar success, or a better one, should have been repeated at Poplar Grove and with what far-reaching results!

To sum up, we gather from this excellent book that the cavalry that in the future would achieve success must no longer attempt to carry 18 to 20 stone weight on its horses; all else must be sacrificed to mobility and consequently the horses must be lightly weighted and the usual accessories and necessities carried in light carts or waggons. Not only must a cavalry soldier be fit and capable of continuous exertion for an indefinite period; he must further have a good horse in good condition and be a master of the art of keeping the same in good condition. Lastly every cavalry soldier must look to his horse as his "principal weapon" and also endeavour to attain the utmost skill in the use of his arms, sword, lance or rifle, and he must never hesitate "to go for" his enemy upon opportunity arising.

One cannot but feel in reading this book that it gives a faithful representation of real war experience, and it will surely prove an invaluable aid in keeping alive in years to come the true cavalry spirit of the gallant Inniskilling Dragoons.

NOVELS.

"Genevra." By Charles Marriott. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Charles Marriott is a writer whose work must be judged by quite other standards than those which are applied to the books of most modern novelists. He has style, he has distinction and he has the literary sense. Regarded as a storyteller pure and simple his work seems "thin" beside the thrilling narratives of popular authors. He seems to have no particular power of constructing and developing a plot nor does he seem to have any idea of working up his tale consistently to a climax. His strength lies in his capacity of expression. He has the faculty of selecting out of the many words and phrases that might just do the perfect-fitting ones that most aptly express his meaning. His latest book "Genevra" abounds in illuminating phrases, in happily-turned sentences. As one reads one is constantly conscious that he has hit the mark. One could turn to his book as to a cloistral refuge from the mass of hurried, slipshod material that is flung out from modern presses.

"Genevra" is mainly a character-study, a presentation of the point of view of a singularly interesting and attractive woman. Descended from a once famous family now sunk in the social scale the details of her life amid uncongenial surroundings are depicted with keen and sympathetic insight. She was born to love and to be loved. "Her whole person suggested ripe-

ness, readiness as of wine slowly matured. . . . Her eyes full of sleeping passion, haunted with ideas, must have awakened the interested belief that she was still waiting for a crisis." Her crisis comes at last in the person of a painter of brutal talent who, attracted at first by her rare beauty, has not the "fineness" to understand her temperament. Few writers could treat of the agony of tortured love in the manner of Mr. Marriott. He does not force the note. There are no hysterics, no wild appeals to the reader's pity. In a few sentences with admirable self-restraint he gives a picture of the starved yearning woman that fires the imagination and haunts the memory. "Lost faith, dead love, and children crying to be born."

But it is not alone in Geneva that the interest of the book lies. On all his characters Mr. Marriott bestows painstaking care. They stand out, each one of them, as real human beings thoroughly and passionately alive. Geneva's brother the slack, weak inefficient man, a "born server", and his wife a vulgar shrew who aimed at "studied elegance". Admirable too is the portrait of Mr. Sampson Oliver the provincial solicitor "so maddeningly well meaning" who was always "a little more than a gentleman". "His expression and manner were so elaborated that like patchouli they conveyed the idea that they were intended to conceal something less inoffensive than the reality." But perhaps the most delightful character of all is old Uter Penrose, Geneva's pagan rough-tongued schoolmaster. He has little to do with the development of the story and is in a sense dragged in, but he needs no apology. He is conceived with genuine humour and his observations are worth recording. Of modern writers he delivers himself as follows: "Well, well! these modern writers! ten sloppy adjectives to one little starving noun, like a pot-house bill of Jack Falstaff's. Sack? Oceans of it. Remember this, Jenny; literature, prose or poetry, stands or falls by the verb and the noun. They are the ribs and the bones of it; adjectives are the clothing—the plum flesh, if you will—pretty enough but not proof against time. It is by the bones you know the shape of a thing, and it's the bones that last. . . . So much for your composition; for your subject go to your heart, and your head will take care of itself. There's plenty of cleverness nowadays, that I'll allow. Brains? Any amount; but brains alone don't make literature any more than a schooner's headlight makes a stout ship. It's heart—heart of oak and the sails of imagination. Speak out from your heart; let all you see and hear sink into your heart and leave it simmer there till it turns to song like the buck of milk."

It might seem, indeed, that Mr. Marriott has taken a lesson from the words he puts into the mouth of his character, for a certain "preciosity" which was apparent in "The Column" is notably absent from "Geneva". Except, indeed, in the descriptions of Cornish scenery, which are somewhat forced, laboured and over-coloured. It is not by them that Mr. Marriott is to be judged. They are put in, it might appear, because the scene of the story is laid in Cornwall, and the reader might think he was being deprived of his natural rights if he did not get them. But the writer's heart is not in them. He deals in flesh and blood, and it is when he writes of men and women, when he analyses their thoughts and emotions with pitiless and faithful insight that he really holds the interest. It is the genuine individuality of the writer that makes "Geneva" a memorable book, and Mr. Marriott will be wise to realise that he can only interest when he is himself genuinely interested.

"The Wine of Love." By H. A. Hinkson. London: Nash. 1904. 6s.

Round a conventional frame Mr. Hinkson has built up an amusing and remarkably life-like story of contemporary Ireland. If only the plot matched the characters the novel might be given a very high place, but the love-interest is of a pattern that all novel-readers recognise after a few pages. In a happy valley in Munster unprofaned by leaguers Mr. Hinkson plants a young Catholic Irish peer, his English friend experimenting as land-agent, an American millionaire whose unintelligent benevolence demoralises the district, and

a half-dozen or so very typical Irish characters not in the least like the Irish people of ordinary fiction. The contrast between Lord Kilmacduagh, who has seen the world, and his young neighbour Valentine Eyre, who has stayed at home horse-coping, is most effectively brought out, while the remarkable proceedings of the leaguers when they first invade the district are absolutely true to life, though Mr. Hinkson goes far to spoil the picture by the sensational attempt to burn the Earl's castle. But then he had to give the heroine a chance of heroism, and to create a revulsion of feeling amongst the peasantry, in order that the wedding-bells might chime in harmony with the pæans of a contented tenantry. The agitator is not so easily checkmated in reality. The parish priest is an admirable study of a class which is perhaps vanishing before the political curates whom Mr. Hinkson hits off capitally. Father MacCarthy stands out as a champion of animals, and it is unhappily not in the least a caricature to represent his clerical brethren as deprecating his fad on the ground that "animals had no rights as against man, and therefore it was no sin to ill-use them, though, of course, it should be discouraged". To a peasantry accustomed to have its steps marked out it is useless to offer such counsel, and the natural kindness of the people is seldom reinforced by their spiritual guides. Thus we have the curious fact that priests who have stamped out village dances as sinful are apparently content to see animals ill-treated, thinking the question one beyond their province.

"The Lady of Loyalty House." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

It is a pleasant romance of the days when King Charles and his Parliament were at loggerheads in 1642 that Mr. McCarthy has devised for the delectation of his readers. The lady of the title-page is one Brilliana Harby chatelaine of an old place in Oxfordshire over which on the outbreak of trouble she defiantly fixed the Royal Standard. At abc it the same time a soldier of fortune returned to his native village; having heard that Harby and its contumacious mistress had roused the ire of Colonel Cromwell and were about to be visited by a party of Roundheads, he visited the Lady Brilliana and proffered his services in defending the castle. How the place was besieged, how it was relieved and how the dominating lady dismissed all her "loyal" admirers and falls deeply in love with a "rebel" captain, her distant kinsman, is brightly and interestingly set forth. Mr. McCarthy seems to have written his novel with one eye on the stage, so plainly does it resolve itself into a series of more or less theatrical scenes. We have many historical stories as good as this—but we have many more that are far less good.

"After All." By Beatrice Whitby. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1904. 3s. 6d.

Cousin Anne is a feminine example of the cross-grained relation so beloved by writers of books about children, and usually a grandfather whose heart is touched and softened by childish charms. Eddie and Christabel are most attractive little persons, and are described with an unusual knowledge of child-nature. It seems unnecessarily heartrending that Cousin Anne should be killed in rescuing a cat beloved by Eddie, but we suppose that the transformation of her nature would not be complete without some such conclusive act of self-sacrifice. The book has charm of a sentimental kind, and to those who like a nursery atmosphere will probably prove attractive reading.

"At the Moorings." By Rosa Nouchette Carey. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

There is a certain nobility of purpose and refinement of feeling in Miss Carey's books which raise them above the level of the obvious. She is never tired of inculcating the duties of self-sacrifice and obedience, of showing the beauty and dignity of self-repression and devotion to others. At any rate her stories are more wholesome reading for girls than studies of eroticism, and of the self-willed egoism of a "temperament". It is all rather tame and uninspired, and the superabundance of commonplace detail is exasperating,

but she writes with practised ease and a certain prim intelligence. The dialogue is ordinary, and it is difficult to realise the intellectual brilliance of "Ned", whose finest burst of humour is to ask his sister for "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate".

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Mr. Swinburne, as critic, is at his best in the essay on "Othello" which he contributes to "Harper's Magazine" this month. When he writes about the work of lesser Elizabethans, stolid people may be excused for sometimes wishing that the dithyrambs could be toned down a little—a process beyond, and beneath, Mr. Swinburne's power. But when he writes of a Shakespearean masterpiece, even the dullest of us must delight with a full heart in his rhapsodic method, catching from it an illumination which never can be caught from a criticism written by a scholar who is not also a poet. In this brief essay on "Othello" there are flashes of insight that make it more valuable than a score of tomes by a score of average well-meaning and indefatigable German or British commentators.

"The Oxford English Dictionary." Vol. VI. M—Mandragon. By Henry Bradley. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1904. 5s.

This new part of the sixth volume of the Oxford Dictionary deals with the middle letter of the alphabet and beginning with the etymological dissertation on the letter M ends with the word mandragon. It is especially rich in illustrative quotations exemplifying the usage of the different words through all the stages of their history, the comparison with the most copious of other dictionaries being as much as twelve times in favour of the Clarendon Press publication. In the 112 pages 2,584 words and special combinations are dealt with and with the more obvious a total of 3,175. The percentage of obsolete words, always an interesting feature, appears to be remarkably large, twenty-seven per cent.: and eight per cent. of other words are marked as alien or not fully naturalised. Each part has some remarkable word which forms its chief feature and in this instance the word is the verb "make" which in all languages always presents the most extraordinary peculiarities and idioms frequently imperfectly known even by natives and a source of perplexity and bewilderment to foreigners. It needs eleven pages of the Dictionary to deal with its wonderful variety in English, and it equals the hitherto unsurpassed expansiveness of the verb "to go". We can only admire in this case, as well as in many others, the skill and learning with which the maze is threaded and perfect order evolved from the philological chaos by Dr. Henry Bradley by whom this part has been prepared. An exceedingly fascinating section is that which includes all words formed from magnet and electron, in which is traced the growth of electrical science from the primitive ideas associated with these two words in the fifteenth century and down to the middle of the sixteenth. We then pass at a bound into the new world of Brewster and Faraday's experiments.

"The Natural History of Animals." By J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Half Volumes VI. and VII. London: Gresham Publishing Co. 1904. 7s. each.

In these further volumes Professor Ainsworth Davis continues his new scheme of writing a "Natural History of Animals". Instead of arranging the work on a basis of classification and dealing with each family and order in turn, beginning with Invertebrates and passing up the scale by Insects and Molluscs to the Fishes, Reptiles, Birds and Mammalia, Professor Davis divides his book into sections depending on the "function" to be illustrated. Thus parasitism is treated in one section and the leading cases from all parts of the animal kingdom are brought together in illustration of the general principle; the cuckoo comes alongside the lamprey, and both share the chapter with lice, ticks and the disease-producing protozoa. The scheme has some advantages; each section has a unity of purpose that is wanting in the ordinary natural history, selection of material becomes more easy, and there is not the danger of becoming a mere catalogue. On the other hand it is almost impossible to avoid recapitulations, for the same life history may be required as an illustration of more than one function; again the order in which each subject is treated has often to have the traditional systematic one, the link of function being of the slightest. However the result is an uncommonly interesting book in which the lay reader will not only get accounts of structure and habit, the staple of the ordinary natural history, but will be introduced to the other classes of problems that occupy the modern zoologist—the problems of development and reproduction, the study of the cell and so forth, which do not usually find their way further than the laboratory text-books. As might be expected with so large a field, the execution is somewhat unequal. Though specialists might be inclined to quarrel here and there with the treatment meted out to their particular subjects Professor Davis has without doubt traced the plan of a new and valuable kind of natural history which in

its turn by the labours of successive minds will get the balance and smoothness in which the present work is somewhat lacking. The book is lavishly illustrated, but the pictures are of variable quality; the woodcuts are as good as need be, but the half-tone photographic reproductions in the text are often of the smudgiest kind, while the colour prints after W. Kühnert compare very unfavourably with those of the same artist's work in Perrier's "La Vie des Animaux".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Octobre. 3fr.

There is an excellent article in this number by M. de Witt Guizot on the policy of "Moral Unity" which the French Ministry boasts that it is pursuing in its present campaign against the Church and religion in general. The writer has no difficulty in demonstrating that this policy has been attempted in France by Louis XIV. the Revolution and the Great Napoleon. Although the latter did not it is true enforce obedience to any particular creed he organised the Catholic hierarchy in France so that it became merely a spiritual militia for strengthening his own authority. M. Combes and his friends are no less intolerant than Louis XIV. only they are substituting atheism for Catholicism and the consequences will be as disastrous for France as was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. M. de Witt believes that when it really comes to the point the common sense of the majority of Frenchmen will frustrate the folly of the Ministry. We hope it may prove so in the result, but M. Guizot's own figures show that less than half the electors of France take the trouble to go to the polls and, unless this apathy be shaken off, we confess we see little prospect of the return to real liberalism in matters of faith. But the interference of the State with men's religious beliefs shows how little the Revolution did for the real emancipation of the nation's mind. M. Charmes brings forward a further grave charge against the Ministry, viz. that they have led the strikers at Marseilles to expect countenance, if not assistance, from them, and he anticipates grave results when they find no foundation for their belief exists. He attributes to this wavering attitude of the Ministry the refusal of the strikers to abide by the decision of M. Magnan, the arbitrator chosen by both sides, and, if this be so, which is far from unlikely, it is only another strong reason for getting rid of M. Combes as soon as possible.

THE OCTOBER REVIEWS.

The war and the fiscal question command only moderate space in the reviews for October. In the "Nineteenth Century" Baron Suematsu concludes his "complete history", from the Japanese standpoint, of Russia's diplomatic dealings in regard to Manchuria and Korea up to the time that Japan broke off relations. What Russia was to Japan before the war the "National" apparently considers Germany is to Great Britain. The anti-German policy of the "National" is developed this month in an article on the wiles of the Kaiser who is "England's False Friend". In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Alfred Stead shows how international opinion concerning Japan has been revolutionised by the war, and concludes that Russia, great though her resources are, will have to turn to the "German Shylock" for assistance. The end of the war will be in sight, he thinks, when Russia refuses

(Continued on page 468.)

ESTABLISHED 1848.

Assets - - £8,688,242.

GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE

Claims Paid exceed £19,500,000.

Life Assurance Without Medical Examination.

JAMES H. SCOTT,
General Manager and Secretary.

Head Office—
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

THE GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total Invested Funds - - - £10,401,149.

FIRE—LIFE—ENDOWMENTS—ANNUITIES.

For the Quinquennium ended 31st December, 1903, the large Reversionary Bonus of 35s. per cent. per annum was again declared on Sums Assured under the Participating Tables of the Prospectus, and provision made for Intermediate Bonuses during the present Quinquennium.

HEAD OFFICE—1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
LONDON CHIEF OFFICE—CORNHILL, LONDON.

8 October, 1904

The Saturday Review.

A WONDERFUL DIVIDEND—

THE RESULT OF AN INVESTMENT WITH

**THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.**

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Policy No. 637,680.	Amount, £10,000.	Issued 13th July, 1894.
Whole Life.	10 Payments.	10-year Distribution.
Policy -	-	- £10,000 0 0
Reversionary Bonus -	-	- 4,082 15 0
Fully Paid-up Policy -	-	- £14,082 15 0

This Reversionary Bonus exceeds 4 per Cent. per Annum.

The Cash Surrender Value of the above Policy is at the present time £11,043 2s., or £1,043 2s. more than the Face Value of the Policy, although the Insurance has only been in force ten years.

This is but one example of the liberality of the Policies issued by the MUTUAL LIFE, and is by no means an isolated one. Other recent settlements show quite as good results. These Investment Contracts possess the double advantage of affording ample protection in the event of death, and of creating a Profitable Estate for the Policy-holder himself should he survive the Distribution period.

Particulars of Policies to meet every requirement on application to the Head Office for the United Kingdom:—

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager,
16, 17, 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

PAID TO LIVING POLICY-HOLDERS, OVER £70,000,000.
Assets, £81,981,491. Income, £15,901,431.

INVESTMENT LIFE ASSURANCE.

**Special Scheme combining a Family Provision
with a Good Investment or a Pension for Life.**

Thus—Sum Assured £1,000, payable at age 60 or earlier in the event of death, Annual Premium at age 25, £25 9s. 2d. Total Premiums paid in 35 years would amount to £891 0s. 10d.

Estimated results on attaining age 60.

A Cash Payment of	£1,525 0 0; or,
An Annuity of	140 0 0; or,
A Free Paid-up Policy for	2,180 0 0.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS OF

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE OFFICE,
66 and 67 CORNHILL, E.C.

W. P. CLIREHUGH, General Manager and Actuary.

FOUNDED 1823

**The Edinburgh
Life Assurance
Company**

ONE OF THE OLDEST OF THE LIFE OFFICES
transacting LIFE ASSURANCE, ENDOWMENT, and ANNUITY
Business alone—without Fire, Marine, or other risks—which
affords the **Additional Security** of a Substantial Capital
(£500,000) besides a LARGE and INCREASING ACCUMULATED
ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY FUND now rapidly approaching
£4,000,000.

MODERATE PREMIUMS INCREASING BONUSES

"The company offers to its clients these principal attractions—
absolute safety, premiums lower than in the majority of offices, large
bonuses, and liberal policy conditions. The management is marked
by a happy combination of push and care which promises a con-
tinuance of the prosperity the company now enjoys."

The Joint Stock Companies Journal.

Manager and Actuary—ARCHIBALD HEWAT, F.F.A., F.I.A.

Head Office—22 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

London Office—21 KING WILLIAM ST., E.C.; West End—174 PICCADILLY, W.

**Clergy Mutual
Assurance Society, 1829.**

OPEN TO THE

CLERGY AND THEIR RELATIVES.
ALL PROFITS BELONG TO THE MEMBERS.

LOW PREMIUMS—LARGE BONUSES—ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Funds, £4,194,485. Income, £398,982.
Bonuses Distributed, £3,723,720.

Assurances can be readily effected by direct communication with the Office.
2 & 3 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Mortgages.] ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.

CAPITAL—£1,000,000. FUNDS IN HAND—£2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.
Lord ARTHUR CECIL, Deputy Chairman.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Esq.
Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.
Sir ANDREW LUSK, Bart.
WILLIAM MULLER, Esq.

CHARLES PRICE, Esq.
HENRY WILLIAM RIPLEY, Esq.
ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.,
D.Sc.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount
assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at
death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on
Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

**LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.**

Established 1881.

LIFE ASSURANCE. ACCIDENT ASSURANCE.
INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.

Summary of the Progress made during the past Five Years.

Year ended	Premiums.	Increase.
1898	£333,241	—
1903	£469,502	£136,261

THOS. NEILL, General Manager.

Insurance Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

**NORWICH UNION
MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.****NEW BUSINESS for 1903 - £3,131,728.**

"It is an attractive office to new entrants."

THE STATIST.

EIGHT-OPTION TABLE
And other Attractive Schemes.

Send for particulars to Dept. 11,

Norwich Union Life Office, NORWICH.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED)

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - - £50,000,000.

to bleed herself longer or "her sole friend" Germany—what of France?—considers the time has arrived when she should bleed no more. Mr. Stead regards the military part of the campaign as settled, inasmuch as Japan can still put greater numbers of men of better quality into the field than can Russia. Dr. Dillon in the "Contemporary" does not go so far as this, but he considers that for eighteen months the balance of the land forces on both sides can be held pretty evenly and that things will remain much as they are at present. He thinks Japan has underestimated Russia's financial resources. A very interesting footnote to Japanese history is supplied by "Blackwood". The first Englishman, possibly the first European after Marco Polo, who entered Japan was William Adams, who found his way there in 1679, and secured favour in the eyes of the Tai-coon as an enemy of the Portuguese. From Adams' time to the mission of Lord Elgin in 1858, Japan was practically a sealed country to Europeans. Lord Elgin found Japanese civilisation pretty much what it must have been in Marco Polo's day. An article of some historic interest is Mr. E. H. Parker's encyclopædic account in the "Monthly Review", under the title "The Bear's Paw and the Dragon's Claw", of the ancient relations of Russia and China. The tariff question is left this month to Mr. J. A. Spender in the "Fortnightly" and Lord Monkswell in the "Independent". Mr. Spender's article is mainly a review of the forecasts and first-fruits of the democratic conditions created by the Reform Bills of 1868 and 1885. He shows how enfranchisement of the masses has done none of the terrible things predicted of it, but has tended to create a sort of "oligarchy of the Inner Cabinet", with Mr. Chamberlain's ascendancy as a chief result. Mr. Spender's view of Mr. Chamberlain's economics is at least balanced, if neither sound nor convincing, and is in striking contrast with the "broad view" taken by Lord Monkswell. The "broad view" resolves itself into an attenuated and passionate attack on the passion and prejudice which Mr. Chamberlain has imported into the protectionist campaign. Lord Monkswell lecturing Mr. Chamberlain on his controversial methods is the best piece of humour in the reviews—at least as much of "an extravaganza" as Lady Currie's in the "Nineteenth Century" under the "tit-bits" title "Are Remarkable People Remarkable Looking?" Mr. F. S. Tatham, of Natal, attacks the shipping rates, which he says are destroying English commerce and will make preferential tariffs useless.

Sir George Arthur has an article in the "Fortnightly" on the Manœuvres in Essex in reply to the critics of the invasion. He says the "cocksure" newspaper men have misunderstood the aim of manœuvres, denies that the money spent on the embarkation was thrown away and expresses an emphatic opinion that the operations indicated a marked improvement in the quality of the men, physically and morally, over the standard of a few years ago. So far as the men engaged in these particular manœuvres were concerned that may be true without in any way destroying the urgency of the case for army reform, if Imperial responsibilities are to be met. A scheme of army reconstruction on national lines is worked out by Sir Edmund Barrow in the "National". He believes we might augment, improve and popularise the army in Great Britain by a cadet system, which he indicates in detail, ensuring that the whole youth of the country will have been trained to arms before reaching the age of eighteen. That there is much in the idea of familiarising youth with military service may be gleaned from Mr. J. L. Bashford's valuable paper in the "Nineteenth Century" on the German Army. The German, who looks at what his country has achieved in both a military and industrial way, cannot to-day imagine that Germany could have gone ahead as she has, apart from the conditions of discipline and healthy physical and mental training supplied by military service. In Germany, Mr. Bashford says, "it is generally found that those who have not served as soldiers are the ones who rail against military service". On the naval side, Lord Brassey in the "Nineteenth Century" elaborately reviews the recent policy of the Admiralty. He says "the permanent force of the British navy is too large, the reserves are too few".

Mr. H. W. Lucy in the "Nineteenth Century" catalogues various conjectures as to the next Liberal Ministry with the result that Lord Spencer becomes Premier, Sir Charles Dilke Foreign Secretary, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (with a peerage) Minister for War, Mr. John Morley Lord President of the Council, Mr. Asquith First Lord of the Treasury and Leader in the Commons, Mr. Fletcher Moulton Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Thomas Shaw Home Secretary and Sir Edward Grey Colonial Secretary. The list will interest Mr. T. P. O'Connor who explains in the "Fortnightly" the line the new Liberal Ministry will have to take with regard to Ireland. He is quite confident the Liberals of the right sort are Home Rulers, and says no Irish party could consent to support a Government which did not regard the question of Irish self-government as an urgent one. Meantime, the Radicals are not in power and in the "National" we find Mr. Edward Dowden expounding the views of the Irish Unionists. He has a long

list of grievances against the Government's attempt to kill Home Rule by kindness and concludes that the only hope for Ireland from the Unionist point of view is a Redistribution Bill which will reduce Irish representation to its due numerical proportion. "The feebleness and vacillation of the Government in Ireland are in large part due to the fact that Irish Separatist opinion possesses a grossly exaggerated influence in Parliament." Mr. T. J. Macnamara's article in the "Contemporary" on Irish education seems to be an effort to rouse England to take an interest in Irish elementary and secondary schools which Ireland itself on its own showing does not feel. He proposes to create a Central National Council and to levy a local education rate, to supplement Exchequer grants. The Irish University question can in his opinion safely be postponed till popular education has been drastically dealt with—on lines which do not commend themselves to the very people who want a Roman Catholic University.

Three delightful contributions are Mr. John Morley's review in the "Nineteenth Century" of Mr. Frederic Harrison's romance "Theophano", in which, he says, Mr. Harrison has made good Comte's defective appreciation of Byzantine influence on the world; Maeterlinck's essay in the "Fortnightly" on the beauty of Rome, which "like a pyre purifies all that the errors and caprices of men, their ignorance and extravagance, have been incessantly enforcing upon her since her ruin"; and Mr. Henry Newbolt's epistle in verse in the "Monthly"—the first issue under Mr. C. Hanbury Williams' editorship—to Colonel F. E. Younghusband, assuring him that friendship and memory followed him from Devon to Tibet. Mr. Newbolt and Colonel Younghusband were boys together at Clifton.

"Old loves, old rivalries, old happy times,
These well may move your memory and my rhymes;
These are the Past, but there is that, my friend,
Between us two that has not time nor end."

In "Blackwood" we are surprised to find Sir Robert Anderson reappearing as a critic of the higher criticism. Another article in "Blackwood's" on critics and criticism is on surer ground. The writer condemns the "namby pamby" review as responsible for the publication of so many of the "bad books which cover the earth knee deep to-day". He sighs for the return of the valiant knights of the pen who castigated all literary impostors. But "Maga" is only severe in the general. When it comes to the particular, it appraises Mr. Saintsbury's work with the amiability which it denounces in others.

For this Week's Books see page 470.

H. SOTHERAN & CO., BOOKSELLERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue of fresh Purchases. Specimen number post free. LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Codes: UNICODE and A B C. Telephone: CENTRAL 1515.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.

OCTOBER LIST.

Now Ready, including all latest purchases offered at greatly Reduced Prices.

WILLIAM GLAISHER,

REMAINDER AND DISCOUNT BOOKSELLER,

265 High Holborn, London.

Also Catalogue of Popular Current Literature, and List of French Novels, Classics, &c.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Special Articles:

MR. SYDNEY HOLLAND AND THE HOSPITAL SCHEME—An Autograph Letter.

POLITICAL WOBLERS:

XII. Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P.

The Week's Rapid Survey of the World's Press.

PUBLIC OPINION. 2d. weekly.

Offices: 6 BELL'S BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET, E.C.



BUCHANAN'S "SPECIAL" SCOTCH WHISKY



TO HRH. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"People will talk" about
the way VINOLIA
improves the complexion.

4d. per Tablet.

EPPS'S

An admirable Food
of the Finest Quality
and Flavour.

The Original Cocoa, and a Speciality, being distinguished from all others by its invigorating nutritious qualities and its delicious flavour. This Cocoa, containing as it does all the substance of the Cocoa Nib, maintains its leading position after three-quarters of a Century as the best form of Cocoa for every-day use.

Buy a packet
at once and you
will continue.

COCOA

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts Repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Current Accounts on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Advances made to Customers, and all General Banking Business transacted.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary,
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

IF YOU DRINK SODA WATER, DRINK THE BEST.

W. & J.
Burrow,
The
Springs,
Malvern.



REAL "SODA" OF THE PUREST TYPE.

"Alpha Brand."

APOLLO THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, HENRY
LOWENFELD. Lessee and Manager, TOM B. DAVIS. Mr. GEORGE
EDWARDS' SEASON. Every Evening at 8.15. VERONIQUE. Matinée
every Saturday at 2.0.

THE PALACE.

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

EVERY EVENING at 8. The AMERICAN BIOGRAPH and VARIETIES.
Seats at the Box-office from 11 till 5. CHARLES MORTON, Manager.

A.B.C.

GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

1904 Edition (14th). 200 pages.

HOW TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH £10 UPWARDS.
A.B.C. OF CALL OPTIONS.
SELECTION OF STOCK.
AVERAGING.
METHODS OF OPERATING.
TAPE QUOTATIONS.
HIGHEST AND LOWEST SALES LAST 15 YEARS.

GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Address:—PUBLISHERS, 12 Bank Street, Manchester.

BARR'S DAFFODILS

BEAUTIFUL HARDY
GOLD MEDAL
THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

BARR'S POPULAR 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 6 Bulbs each of 26 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for
Pct-culture or for the Flower Border.
Half the above Collection for 10/6.

BARR'S WOODLAND 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy Varieties suitable
for Naturalising.
Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12 & 13 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

R. ANDERSON & CO.

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS.

14 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

(Faculty of Arts).

PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

THE Council invites applications for the Chair of
English Language and Literature. Stipend £600 per annum. The suc-
cessful candidate will be required to enter on his duties in January, 1905.
Applications, accompanied by sixty copies of testimonials, or such other
credentials as the candidates may prefer to offer, should be sent to the undersigned,
on or before the 5th November, 1904.

Further particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND



NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle 5/6	Pr. Ivory Handles in
Ivory Handle 7/6	Russia Leather Case 21/-
Kropp DUPLEX STROP 7/6	Kropp Strop Paste .. 6d.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., LONDON, W.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE

TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the
above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MAR-
SEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Head Offices: F. GREEN & CO., } Fenchurch Avenue, London.
Managers: (ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO., }

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 25 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

VERANILDA. By GEORGE GISSING, Author of "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." [Second Impression in the press.]

Mr. H. G. WELLS says in the *Sphere*: "Gissing's maturest, latest, and most deliberately conceived book."

Mr. W. L. COURTNEY, in the *Daily Telegraph*: "A work for which he was eminently fitted by his tastes and predilections: 'Veranilda' is an historical romance such as we rarely see in our modern time. The author is no pedant, dragging his learning with him like a cumbersome cloak wherever he moves; he is a scholar who has a dramatic joy in life, a man who can describe character, who can make us feel the influence of the personages about whom he talks, live their life with them, understand their impulses and their ways."

The *Daily Chronicle* says: "It is a finely constructed and elaborately poised piece of work; the details of description and of historic perspective are most carefully worked out; the whole tale is full of dignity and rich workmanship."

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By J. C. SNAITH.

First Edition entirely exhausted. Second large Edition now ready.

"A clever book."—*Times*.

"A masterpiece."—Mr. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

"Written with undeniable skill."—Dr. WILLIAM BARRY.

"A delightful heroine, a wholly original hero, and a great deal of entertainment."—*Spectator*.

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE. By ONOTO WATANABE, Author of "The Heart of Hyacinth," "The Wooing of Wistaria," &c. With Coloured Illustrations.

THE DIVINE FIRE. By MAY SINCLAIR, Author of "Two Sides of a Question," &c.

THE BANDOLERO. By PAUL GWYNNE, Author of "Marta," &c.

"A stirring tale, written in vigorous and picturesque style; a wonderful, vivid, and interesting picture of Spanish life."—*Outlook*.

ARCHERS OF THE LONG BOW. By ARTHUR MOORE, Author of "The Knight Punctilious," &c.

READY IMMEDIATELY.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON LONESOME. By JOHN FOX, Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." With Coloured Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A HARVEST OF CHAFF. By OWEN SEAMAN, Author of "Borrowed Plumes," &c. Price 3s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Prof. WILLIAM OSLER, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University. Price 2s. 6d.

IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE. By MIRIAM MICHELSON. Illustrated.

* THE BEST SELLING BOOK IN THE UNITED STATES.

PATH OF JUDGMENT. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, Author of "The Dull Miss Archibald."

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS. Edited and Arranged by W. H. HUTTON, B.D. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 17s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Hutton has done his work well. He has, for the most part, allowed the Bishop to paint his own portrait through the medium of his familiar correspondence. The biographer here plays a subordinate part to the editor; but Mr. Hutton plays it with great judgment and abundant sympathy."—*Times*.

"The editor of this most interesting volume has done well to emphasise the human side of what was a singularly amiable character."—Mr. J. HOLLAND ROSE, in *The Academy*.

JOHN OF GAUNT. By S. ARMITAGE-SMITH. With Portraits and Maps. Demy 8vo. about 500 pp. 15s. net.

QUINTIN HOGG. A Biography. By ETHEL M. HOGG. With an Introduction by the Duke of Argyll. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"It is well that a man who has done so much for the cause of social reform should have his earnest, strenuous life's work placed on record. The hand that has compiled it is his daughter's, and she has performed her task with discrimination and ability."—*Full Hall Gazette*.

WILLIAM COBBETT: a Study of his Life as shown in his Writings. By E. I. CANEVILLE. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL PROSPECTS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Colonel OWEN THOMAS. Demy 8vo. 6s.

THE CABINET AND WAR. By Major EVANS-GORDON, M.P., Author of "The Alien Question." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"A close and telling examination.... To find an effective remedy for the deplorable state of things disclosed by the War Commission must be the earnest desire of all patriotic citizens, and to all such Major Evans-Gordon's thoughtful and painstaking volume would be welcome."—*Times*.

DUKES AND POETS IN FERRARA. A Study of Politics, Poetry, and Religion in the Fifteenth and Early Sixteenth Centuries. By EDMUND G. GARDNER, Author of "Dante's Ten Heavens," &c. With numerous Photogravure Plates. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

"He is an excellent writer—lucid, full of humour and sympathy. The illustrations are aptly chosen and beautiful."—*Times*.

NAPOLEON'S BRITISH VISITORS AND CAPTIVES, 1800-1815. By JOHN GOLDWORTH ALGER, Author of "The New Paris Sketch Book," &c. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By PERCY E. NEWBERRY and JOHN GARSTANG. With 4 Maps, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

SHELLEY. An Essay. By A. A. JACK, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, Author of "Thackeray: a Study," &c. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

A. CONSTABLE & CO., LIMITED, LONDON.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

Ornament and its Application (Lewis F. Day). Batsford. 8s. 6d. net.

The Engravings of Albrecht Dürer (Lionel Cust). Seeley. 3s. 6d. net.

Water-Colour Painting (Mary L. Breakell), 1s. net; On Collecting Engravings, Pottery, &c. (Robert Elward), 2s. net. Arnold.

BIOGRAPHY

The Story of an Irishman (Justin McCarthy). Chatto and Windus. 12s.

Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton (By His Wife. 2 vols.). Longmans. 28s. net.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (H. C. Marillier. Third Edition). Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

The Right o' Line (R. Power Berrey). Nisbet. 3s. 6d.

The Silent Places (Stewart Edward White). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

The Commander of the "Hirondelle" (W. H. Fitchett). Smith, Elder. 6s.

The Ocean Cat's Paw (G. Manville Fenn), 5s.; Yew Tree Farm (Bessie Marchant), 3s. 6d.; The King who was Never Crowned (Gertrude Hollis), 2s.; Home Fetters (Raymond Jacherns), 2s.; Mary Louisa Quayne (Emily Pearson Finnemore), 2s. 6d. S.P.C.K.

The Romance of Modern Locomotion (Archibald Williams), 5s.; The Wallypug in Fog-land (G. E. Farrow), 5s. Pearson.

Wally Wanderer and His Story-Telling Machine (Joel Chandler Harris). Grant Richards.

The Romance of Modern Exploration (Archibald Williams); Diana Polwarth Royalist (J. F. M. Carter); The Romance of the Animal World (Edmund Selous). Seeley. 5s. each.

The Schoolboy Outlaws (H. Elrington). Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

Sea-Thrift: a Fairy Tale (Dollie Radford). De La More Press. 3s. 6d.

The Twins (Illustrated by John Hassall. Verses by Edward Shirley), 6s.; The Knights of Liberty (Eliza F. Pollard), 5s.; A Trusty Rebel (Mrs. Henry Clarke), 3s. 6d.; The Pirate's Hoard (A. Alexander), 3s. 6d. Nelson.

FICTION

The Chapel on the Hill (Alfred Pretor). Cambridge: Deighton Bell. 3s. 6d. net.

The Colliers of Windy Hill (Wilfrid Sparroy. Cheap Edition). Stock. 1s. 6d. net.

Traffics and Discoveries (Rudyard Kipling). Macmillan. 6s.

Scenes of Jewish Life (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick). Arnold. 6s.

The Garden of Allah (Robert Hichens); The Bridge of Life (Dorothea Gerard); The Progress of Rachel (Adeline Sergeant). Methuen, 6s. each.

The Farm of the Dagger (Eden Phillpotts). Newnes. 3s. 6d.

The Chronicles of Don Q. (K. and Hesketh Prichard). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

Major Weir (K. L. Montgomery). Unwin. 6s.

The Truants (A. E. W. Mason). Smith, Elder. 6s.

That Little Marquis of Brandenburg (W. R. H. Trowbridge). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

The Pendletons (E. M. Jameson), 5s.; The Great Crib Mystery (Tape Terrapin), 3s. 6d. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Endless Heritage (Chris Healy). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

The Arm of the Leopard (Mary Gaunt and John Ridgwell Essex). Grant Richards. 6s.

"Jena" or "Sedan"? (F. A. Beyerlein). Heinemann. 6s.

The Abbess of Vlaye (Stanley Weyman). Longmans. 6s.

Cross Purposes (Jean Merivale). Stock. 3s. 6d.

Checkmate (Etta Courtney); The Reaper (Edith Rickert). Arnold. 6s. each.

With Sword and Pen (H. C. Irwin). Unwin. 6s.

The After Cost (K. M. Edge). Nash. 6s.

HISTORY

Social England (Edited by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann). Cassell. 14s. net.

Transcript of the First Volume, 1538-1636, of the Parish Register of Chesham (J. W. Garrette-Pegge). Stock. 15s. net.

The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy (R. M. Johnston. 2 vols.) Macmillan. 20s. net.

The Nizam: The Origin and Future of the Hyderabad State (R. P. McAuliffe). Clay. 2s. 6d. net.

John of Gaunt (Sydney Armitage-Smith). Constable. 18s. net.

The Waterloo Roll Call (Charles Dalton. Second Edition). Eyre and Spottiswoode.

Theophano: The Crusade of the Tenth Century (Frederic Harrison). Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

A History of South America, 1854-1904 (Charles Edmond Akers). Murray. 21s. net.

The Paston Letters, 1422-1509 (Edited by James Gairdner. Vols. I. and VI.). Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net. each.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT

A Fauna of the North-West Highlands and Skye (J. A. Harvie-Brown and Rev. H. A. Macpherson). Edinburgh: Douglas. 30s. net.

The Animals of New Zealand (Captain F. W. Hutton and James Drummond). Whitcombe and Tombs.

With Hound and Terrier in the Field (Alys F. Serrell. Edited by Frances Slaughter). Blackwood. 15s. net.

Hockey as a Game for Women (Edith Thompson). Arnold. 1s. net.

(Continued on page 472.)

Mr. Heinemann's New Books**AFTER WORK :****Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher.**

By EDWARD MARSTON, F.R.G.S. Crown 8vo. with 24 Full-page Plates, 10s. net (postage 5d.)

Mr. Marston's recollections of over sixty years' connection with books and publishing cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to everyone connected in any way with literature.

Daily Chronicle.—"It is good to have lived a book like this and written it, and whoever loves literature, and regards a man, will be the better and wiser for reading it."**THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE BOOK ON JAPAN. JAPAN BY THE JAPANESE.**

Compiled, Prefaced, and Edited by ALFRED STEAD.

SECOND EDITION. Large 8vo. 20s. net (postage 5d.)

This unique work contains articles and essays on the various branches of national life in Japan by the leading Japanese authorities themselves.

Spectator.—"We hope that this serious and informing study of Japan's aims and achievements by her own statesmen will meet with the attention that it deserves. Mr. Stead is to be congratulated on having secured so remarkable a document."*St. James's Gazette*.—"An autobiography of a nation."**THE DEFINITIVE EDITION OF THE NOVELS OF COUNT TOLSTOY.**

Vols. IV., V., and VI.

WAR AND PEACE.

Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. each vol.

Academy and Literature.—"Of the excellence of Mrs. Garnett's translations no praise is too high. She writes a vigorous, nervous English that it is the purest pleasure to read."**THE POETICAL WORKS OF HEINRICH HEINE.**

Vol. I.—THE BOOK OF SONGS.

Vol. II.—NEW POEMS, and ATTA TROLL.

Small crown 8vo, 5s. each.

GAINSBOROUGH, AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART.

By Sir WALTER ARMSTRONG (Director of the National Gallery, Ireland). Royal 8vo. with 48 Plates, 15s. net (postage 5d.)

Appealing as this volume must to all students and lovers of English art, a cheaper edition of this work will be welcome to a large public to whom the costlier volume, now long out of print, is inaccessible.

Standard.—"A handsomely-bound and well-printed book.....Sir Walter Armstrong narrates the incidents of the painter's career with much vivacity, and the pictures heighten the charm of a book which every lover of English Art and student of eighteenth-century society will be glad to possess."**SEVEN YEARS' HARD.**

By RICHARD FREE. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net (postage 4d.)

This book is an unconventional description of life in the East End, by one of the working clergy. Mr. Free's experiences have been acquired first hand, and, as he himself says, are given to the world "piping hot from memory."

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.**CAPTAIN AMYAS.** By DOLF WYLLARDE,

Author of "Uriah the Hitite," &c.

Miss Wyllarde describes, in her new novel, life on board an ocean liner, and the central figure of the story is a captain in the Mercantile Marine.

A LADDER OF SWORDS.

By Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.,

Author of "The Right of Way," &c.

Standard.—"A vigorous bit of work.....the book is written with conviction, a confident pen, and easy knowledge of time and manners with which it is concerned."**THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.**

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM,

Author of "Mrs. Craddock," &c.

Times.—"He writes of life with passion and a vivid sense of character.....these powerful, virile works."**THE GREY WORLD.**

By EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Athenaeum.—"The author sees existence more as a whole and from a more original standpoint than is common. The imaginative and speculative cast of mind is abundantly evident."**THE CHALLONERS.** By E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Mammon and Co.," &c.

World.—"It is a fine story, very touching and deeply interesting."**OLIVE LATHAM.** By E. L. VOYNICH,

Author of "The Gadfly," &c.

Daily Chronicle.—"A singularly impressive story. The subsidiary characters are drawn with great care, yet so as never to distract the eye from the three central contrasted figures, masterly portraits which are done with breadth and subtlety at once."**THE FUGITIVE.** By EZRA S. BRUDNO.*Times*.—"A striking novel.....one feels that one is dealing, not with a novel, but with a transcript from life."

JUST PUBLISHED.

"JENA" OR "SEDAN"? A Novel

Translated from the German of F. A. BEVERLEIN. 6s.

The author of this novel, whose play, the "Zapfenstreich," was the great success of the London German season this year, deals very frankly with German military matters.

Mr. Heinemann's Autumn Announcement List, profusely illustrated, post-free on application.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S List.

** Among other items of interest this volume contains contemporary records of Mr. De Vere's intercourse with Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, and Cardinal Newman; considerable selections from his correspondence with Sara Coleridge, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mrs. Edward Villiers (mother of the Dowager Lady Lytton), and contemporary descriptions of incidents of the Irish Famine of 1846-7. Some hitherto unpublished letters from Cardinal Newman are also included in the volume.

AUBREY DE VERE:**A Memoir based on his Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence.**

By WILFRID WARD.

With 2 Photogravure Portraits and 2 other Illustrations.

8vo. 14s. net.

"Those who have read 'The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman' know how capable a biographer Mr. Wilfrid Ward is.....The book gives a charming account of an interesting and cultured personality."

Scotsman."A deeply interesting picture of a most interesting and cultured man. There are some excellent letters bearing on persons and events of the middle of the past century that are valuable to the literary student and the politician."—*Pall Mall Gazette*."Mr. Wilfrid Ward, whom the late Aubrey de Vere appointed his literary executor, has himself undertaken the task of presenting the world with a memoir of that interesting man. There could have been no better choice, for no writer of the present day has a clearer understanding of modern Roman Catholicism, and few Roman Catholics write with so fair a judgment or in so attractive a style."—*Times*."Out of his private journals and unpublished letters his friend and literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, has fashioned, with unparaded but real literary art, a living picture of the poet and thinker who remained to the last, so far as the world at large was concerned, a fascinating though elusive personality.....We congratulate Mr. Ward on having written a sympathetic and subtle estimate of his distinguished friend."—*Standard*.**LIFE AND LETTERS OF MANDELL CREIGHTON,**

D.D. Oxon and Camb., sometime Bishop of London.

By HIS WIFE.

With 8 Portraits (4 Photogravures) and 3 other Illustrations.
2 vols. 8vo. 28s. net.

NEW ROMANCE BY MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

MR. BALFOUR'S CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY**THE NEW THEORY OF MATTER.** Being the Presidential Address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Cambridge, August 17, 1904. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.
8vo. sewed, 1s. net.**WORK AND WAGES: in continuation**of Lord Brassey's "Work and Wages" and "Foreign Work and English Wages." Vol. I. FOREIGN COMPETITION. By SYDNEY J. CHAPMAN, M.A., Professor of Political Economy and Dean of the Faculty of Commerce in the Victoria University of Manchester. With an Introduction by Lord BRASSEY, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., Commander of the Legion of Honour.
Medium 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.**STYLE IN FURNITURE.** By R.

DAVIS BENN. With 102 Plates by W. C. BALDOCK. 8vo. 21s. net.

CONTENTS—The Seventeenth Century—"Elizabethan"—"Jacobean"—"Queen Anne"—Sir William Chambers—"Chippendale"—"Heppelwhite"—"Sheraton"—Other Georgian Types—"Adam"—"Louis Quatorze"—"Louis Quinze"—"Louis Seize"—"Empire"—"New Art" in France—The Nineteenth Century—"Quaint."

Illustrated Prospectus sent on application.

THE VERNEY MEMOIRS. CHEAP EDITION.

MEMOIRS OF THE VERNEY

FAMILY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Compiled from the Papers and Illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House, Bucks. By FRANCES PARTHENOPE VERNEY and MARGARET M. VERNEY. ABRIDGED AND CHEAPER EDITION. With 24 Portraits. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s. net.

NEW VOLUME OF THE "SILVER LIBRARY."

THE CRUISE OF the "FALCON."

A Voyage to South America in a 30-ton Yacht. By E. F. KNIGHT, Author of "The Falcon on the Baltic," "Where Three Empires Meet," &c. With 2 Maps and 13 Illustrations. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

BLACKIE & SON'S LIST.

A New and Important Work on Japan.

DAI NIPPON :

THE BRITAIN OF THE EAST.

A STUDY IN NATIONAL EVOLUTION.

By Dr. HENRY DYER.

Demy 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

As the first Principal of the Imperial College of Engineering in Tokyo, Dr. Dyer has had a very large share in the work of transforming Japanese civilisation, and the value of his services has been fully recognised by the Mikado and eminent Japanese statesmen. The marvellous efficiency now being shown by the Japanese in the war with Russia is unquestionably due in very large part to their wholehearted practical appreciation of the necessity for sound education on Western lines, and Dr. Dyer's work in Japan in connection with the Engineering College (now incorporated in the Imperial University of Tokyo) was the first, and remains one of the most important, of the results of this appreciation.

The Red Letter Shakespeare.

Messrs. BLACKIE & SON have the pleasure to announce that they will shortly begin the publication under the above title of a NEW EDITION of Shakespeare's Plays and Poems, in single volumes for the general reader. The editing has been undertaken by

Mr. EDMUND K. CHAMBERS,

who will prepare the text, supply brief explanatory notes on words and phrases that have passed out of currency since Shakespeare's day, and write a critical introduction to each volume. The text will be printed in red and black from Caslon old-faced type; the title-page, decorations, end-papers, and binding have been designed by Mr. TALWIN MORRIS; and the volume will be issued in two forms, cloth and limp leather. Printing and binding will be executed with the greatest care, and no pains will be spared to make the Red Letter Shakespeare as charming in appearance as it will be admirable in point of literary value.

The price of each volume will be: in cloth, 1s. net; in limp leather, 1s. 6d. net.

Detailed prospectus post free on application.

The Red Letter Library.

NEW VOLUMES.

THE RED LETTER POETS.

Alfred Lord Tennyson—IN MEMORIAM.

With an Introduction by ALICE MEYNELL.

S. T. Coleridge—SELECT POEMS. With an

Introduction by ALICE MEYNELL.

George Herbert—SELECT POEMS. With an

Introduction by His Grace the Archbishop of ARMAGH.

Lord Byron—SELECT POEMS. With an

Introduction by ARTHUR SYMONS.

John Milton—SELECT POEMS. With an

Introduction by Professor WALTER RALEIGH.

An Anthology—A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY

ANTHOLOGY. Selected and Edited, and with an Introduction by ARTHUR SYMONS.

Other Volumes in preparation.

1s. 6d. net, cloth, gilt top; 2s. 6d. net, leather, gilt top.

THE RED LETTER PROSE SERIES

Boswell—JOHNSON'S TABLE TALK.

(Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson and the Tour in the Hebrides.)

With an Introduction by W. A. LEWIS BETTANY.

Francis Bacon—ESSAYS. With an Intro-

duction by FREDERIC HARRISON.

Montaigne—SELECT ESSAYS. With an

Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY.

William Carleton—SELECT STORIES.

With an Introduction by TIGHE HOPKINS.

W. M. Thackeray—ROUNDABOUT

PAPERS. With an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Other Volumes in preparation.

1s. 6d. net, cloth, gilt top; 2s. 6d. net, leather, gilt top.

ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS OF THE RED LETTER LIBRARY
POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Public Readings

FROM HIS OWN WORKS

By DAVID MACRAE,

Author of "George Harrington," "Americans at Home," "National Humour," &c.

Complete Edition, cloth neat, gilt top, 2s. net.

These public readings have not hitherto been issued in a collected form. The present volume, comprising the complete series, will be welcomed for its racy, piquant, yet always kindly humour.

N.B.—Messrs. BLACKIE & SON, Ltd., will be pleased to send their complete list of Autumn Announcements post free.

London: BLACKIE & SON, Ltd., 50 Old Bailey, E.C.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS—Continued.

REPRINTS

Songs from David Herd's MSS. (Edited by Hans Hecht). Edinburgh: Hay. 12s. net.

Real Life in Ireland (By a Real Paddy), 3s. 6d. net; The Visions of Dom Francisco de Quevedo Villegas (Made English by R. L.), 2s. net. Methuen.

Our Village (Mary Russell Mitford), 5s. net; Bon-mots (Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Foote and Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith and R. B. Sheridan, 3 vols. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with Grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley), 1s. net each. Dent.

The Works of Thomas Nashe (Edited from the Original Texts by Ronald B. McKerrow. Text: Vol. II.), 10s. 6d. net; Mother Goose's Melody: A Facsimile Reproduction of the Earliest Known Edition (With an Introduction and Notes by Colonel W. F. Prideaux), 3s. 6d. net. Bollen.

The De La More Booklets: Carlyle, Emerson and Goethe on Shakespeare. De La More Press. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

An Introduction to the Theory of Optics (Arthur Schuster). Arnold. 15s. net.

Lectures on Diseases of Children (Robert Hutchison). Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.

Studies in Astronomy (J. Ellard Gore). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

The Winged Destiny: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael (Fiona Macleod). Chapman and Hall. 6s.

Electric Lighting for the Inexperienced (Hubert Walter). Arnold. 2s. net.

THEOLOGY

Studies in the Gospel According to Mark (Ernest De Witt Burton). Chicago: at the University Press. \$1.00.

Is Christianity Miraculous? (Rev. C. H. Prichard). S.P.C.K. 2s.

The Idea and Reality of Revelation and Typical Forms of Christianity (Hans Hinrich Wendt). Philip Green. 1s. 6d. net.

Christian Character (J. R. Illingworth). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Problems and Principles: Being Papers on Subjects Theological and Ecclesiastical (The late R. C. Moberly. Edited by Rev. R. B. Rackham). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

Jerusalem under the High Priests (Edwyn Bevan). Arnold. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL

The White Man in Nigeria (George Douglas Hazzledine). Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

From a Holiday Journal (Mrs. E. T. Cook). Allen. 10s. 6d. net.

The Countries of the King's Award (Col. Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich). Hurst and Blackett. 16s. net.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan (John Macgregor). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal (Gilbert Watson). Arnold. 12s. net.

VERSE

A Song of the Latter Day (Frederick Peterson). New York: Privately Printed.

Wild Flowers (Mrs. Frank Howard). Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.

Sketch Poems by a Wandering Artist (Henry S. Perkins). Drane. 3s. 6d.

To Leda and Other Odes (T. Sturge Moore). Duckworth. 1s. net.

Ave Regina and Other Poems (Hugh Macnaghten). Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

The Prayer of the Sword: A Play in Five Acts (James Bernard Fagan). Brimley Johnson. 1s. net.

The Gate of Smaragdus (Gordon Bottomley. Decorated by Clinton Balmer), 10s.; The Hundred Windows (H. D. Lowry), 3s. 6d. Elkin Mathews.

The City (Arthur Upson). Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 3s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

After Work: Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher (E. Marston). Heinemann. 10s. net.

Dress Outfits for Abroad (Ardem Holt). Arnold. 2s. net.

Foreign Correspondence, The (Albert Emil Davies). Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d. net.

Great Composers and Their Work (Louis C. Elson). Seeley. 5s. net.

India, Actual: an Outline for the General Reader (Arthur Sawtell). Stock. 3s. 6d. net.

Red Pagan, The (A. G. Stephens). Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Company.

Tactics for Beginners (Major C. M. De Gruyther. Third Edition). Gale and Polden. 6s.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER:—The Church Quarterly Review, 6s.; The Quarterly Review, 6s.; The Edinburgh Review, 6s.; The Law Quarterly, 5s.; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3/6; La Revue, 1/6; 30; The Connoisseur, 1s.; The Antiquary, 6d.; The Strand Magazine, 6d.; The Windsor Magazine, 6d.; The United Service Magazine, 2s.; Deutsche Rundschau, 3/6; Arts and Crafts, 1s.; The Book Monthly, 6d.; The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review, 5s.; The Musical Times, 4d.; Mercure de France, 2/6; 25s.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; Deutschland, 3/6; Current Literature, 25s.; Lippincott's, 25s.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR FEATHERS"
Just Published. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE TRUANTS. By A. E. W. MASON,

Author of "Miranda of the Balcony," "The Four Feathers," &c.
* * * A tale of modern English life, containing a strong love interest and developing a social situation which has hitherto been unbroken ground. There is a current of adventure running through it, and the experiences of the hero as a snagsman on the North-East trawler fleet, and as a soldier in the Algerian Foreign Legion, are told with all the Author's wonted verve. The heroine, Pamela Mardale, is perhaps the most compelling figure in all the gallery of Mr. Mason's female portraits.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE."

Just published. With 16 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "HIRONDELLE."

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,

Author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," "How England Saved Europe," &c.

* * * A sea tale of the days of Nelson.

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

With 11 Full-page Illustrations and 11 Illustrations in the Text.
Small demy 8vo. 6s. net.

THACKERAY'S LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FAMILY. With an Introduction by Miss LUCY W. BAXTER, and Original Drawings by W. M. THACKERAY.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S REMINISCENCES.

On OCTOBER 12. Small demy 8vo. 9s. net.

RETROSPECTS. First Series. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews University.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE GARDEN," &c.
On OCTOBER 12. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE RING FROM JAIPUR. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "The Rose Garden," "Contradictions," "Near Neighbours," &c.

* * * The scene of the story is laid in India, and the characters are mainly Anglo-Indian, while the background is in the Devonshire Country, which is not unknown to readers of Miss Peard's books.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

THE IMPERIAL AND ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW AND ORIENTAL AND COLONIAL RECORD.

(Founded January 1886.)

THIRD SERIES. OCTOBER 1904. Vol. XVIII. No. 36.

Contents.

ASIA.

- R. G. CORBET: "Japan and Britain."
E. H. PARKER: "How the Tibetans Grew."
GENERAL J. F. FISCHER, R.E.: "Indian Water Supply and Irrigation Policy."
J. D. REES, C.I.E.: "Tea and Taxation."
J. B. PENNINGTON, B.L. (Cantab): "A Suggestion for the Abolition of the Salt Monopoly." &c.
A. ROGERS (Late Bombay Civil Service): "Some Economic Aspects of British Rule in India."

ORIENTALIA.

PROFESSOR DR. E. MONTET: "Quarterly Report on Semitic Studies and Orientalism."

GENERAL.

PROFESSOR DR. E. MONTET: "The Second International Congress of the History of Religions."
HAILI HALID, M.A., M.R.A.S.: "Oriental Studies in England and on the Continent."
"A DWELLER IN THE SOUTH": "The British Empire and Malta."
REV. C. POYNTE SANDERSON, M.A.: "Greater America."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.

CORRESPONDENCE, NOTES, AND NEWS.

Indian Revenue and Land Systems—The Salt Monopoly—The Syrian Protestant College of Beirut—Education of Indian Immigrants in Ceylon.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Nile Reservoir Dam at Assuan and After—Turkish Life in Town and Country—The Shikhs of Morocco—The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia—The Sand-buried Ruins of Khotan—The Quatrains of Hali.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS in Asia, Africa, and the Colonies.

INDEX.

PUBLISHERS: ORIENTAL INSTITUTE, WOKING.

Price 5s. net.

THE WATERLOO ROLL CALL.

With Biographical Notes and Anecdotes. (2nd Edition.)

By CHARLES DALTON, F.R.G.S.

Editor of English Army Lists and Commission Registers.

EVRE & SPOTTISWOODE.

London: East Harding Street, E.C.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY, in demy 8vo. bound in buckram, and printed on good paper, with fine broad margin for Notes, price £1 7s. 6d. net.

THE NEW (EIGHTEENTH) VOLUME OF BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

Being a Record of the Prices at which Books have been sold by Auction, the Titles and Descriptions in Full, the Catalogue Numbers, the Names of the Purchasers, and Special Notices, containing the Prices for the Season from October 1903 to July 1904.

* * * "Book Prices Current" is published in Quarterly Parts for those who wish to receive early reports of the Sales. They are not sold separately, but must be subscribed for annually.

"Book Prices Current" is a trustworthy guide and a reference book of the greatest value."—*Athenæum*.

An Index to the first Ten Volumes of "BOOK PRICES CURRENT" has been published, price 21s. net.

In large 8vo. handsomely bound, price 75s. net.

A TRANSCRIPT OF THE FIRST VOLUME (1538-1636)

OF THE

PARISH REGISTER OF CHESHAM, IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM.

With Introductory Notes, Appendices, and Index,

By J. W. GARRETT-PEGGE.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF THE FOLLOWING STORIES ARE NOW READY.

In crown 8vo. bound in cloth, gilt lettered, price 2s.

LETTY'S ROMANTIC SECRET. By M. E. BEWSHER, Author of "Mischief Makers," &c.

"A love story with many passages of living interest.....There are many finely drawn characters in the book."—*Baptist*.

In crown 8vo. in cloth, price 1s. 6d. net.

THE COLLIERS OF WINDY HILL. Crucial Moments in a Welsh Village. By WILFRID SPARROV, Author of "Persian Children of the Royal Family."

"Outwardly an unpretentious book. Taking it up, you would hardly expect to be amused, far less fascinated. But once you are lucky enough to begin to read it, you are not likely to lay the book down before you have read the last page. We must sincerely confess to the very real pleasure that these sketches have given us."—*Morning Post*.

In crown 8vo. handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d.

CROSS PURPOSES. A Story of England and France. By JEAN MERIVALE.

"The personal and family experiences are sufficiently exciting to thrill the ordinary reader of sensational romance.....Well worth reading and immensely better than much of the literature that commands a great run at the libraries."—*Sheffield Daily Independent*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

THE DE LA MORE PRESS.

READY NEXT WEEK.

TWO QUEENSLANDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

A graphic and powerfully written description of pathetic and humorous scenes in the life of two little children in the Australian bush.

Reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette*.

By FRANCES CAMPBELL.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An Important New Volume in the "King's Classics."

THE LIFE OF MARGARET GODOLPHIN.

By JOHN EVELYN.

Re-edited from the edition of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. With Portrait of Margaret Godolphin as Frontispiece engraved on copper. 2s. 6d. net; quarter-bound vellum, 3s. 6d. net.

THE DE LA MORE BOOKLETS.

LATEST ADDITIONS.

A Set of Three on Shakespeare, viz.:

CARLYLE ON SHAKESPEARE from "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

GOETHE ON SHAKESPEARE from "Wilhelm Meister."

EMERSON ON SHAKESPEARE from "Representative Men."

6d. each net, or with gilt cover design, 1s. 6d. each net; also limp leather, 2s. 6d. each net. The three in a case, 1s. 6d. net.

SOME CHARMING DOG STORIES.

BOSS AND OTHER DOGS.

By MARIA LOUISE POOL. 1s. 6d. net.

SEA-THRIFT.

By DOLLIE RADFORD.

With Illustrations and Frontispiece in Colour by GERTRUDE M. BRADLEY. 3s. 6d. net.

Change of Address.

Messrs. ALEXANDER MORING, Ltd., have recently REMOVED to new and larger premises at

32 George Street, Hanover Square, W.

On SATURDAY, October 22nd, will be published
THE
SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER
OF

"LAND AND WATER ILLUSTRATED."

In Coloured Cover specially designed by Mr. CECIL ALDIN.
The Number will be profusely illustrated by interesting Photographs and Drawings. Among the Special Contents will be:—

LAND AND WATER HOUND LIST, 1904-5.

This comprises an accurate and complete list of English, Scotch, and Irish Fox Hounds, Stag Hounds, Harriers, Drag Hounds, and Beagles; also Foreign Hounds, with full particulars about Masters, Secretaries, Huntsmen, Whippers-in, Hunting days, Adjacent Towns, Kennels, Couples of Hounds, &c.

No Hunting Man can afford to be without this Guide.

It has been specially compiled by "LAND AND WATER ILLUSTRATED."

In addition to this valuable feature the number will include a quantity of special articles by well-known writers. Here are the Titles of some of the articles:—

HUNTING CHANGES AND PROSPECTS

(With Portraits of some New Masters).

THE FUTURE OF HUNTING

(A Spirited Dialogue).

HUNTING KIT FOR MEN AND WOMEN

(What to wear and where to buy it).

HUNTING ACCESSORIES

(An article describing the various new inventions that have been introduced for the Hunting Man's comfort and safety).

LADIES IN THE HUNTING FIELD

(An old subject treated in a new way by a clever writer).

THE COUNTRY'S DEBT TO FOX HUNTING

(A few facts and figures interestingly presented which will surprise a great many people).

THE BEGINNER IN THE HUNTING FIELD

(What he should do and what he should avoid. An article designed not only for boys, but for older men who start hunting late in life).

IRELAND, THE PARADISE FOR HUNTING MEN

(This is a particularly interesting article, especially for men of moderate means. Ireland is the Country for the "one horse" man).

HUNTING AND MOTOR CARS

(Motor Cars are not the enemy of the Hunting Man, but they can be usefully employed for getting to meets at long distances and in other ways, as this article will show).

But the number will contain other things besides Hunting, and chief among them is a

NEW BRIDGE COMPETITION,

WITH VALUABLE PRIZES.

"LAND AND WATER ILLUSTRATED."

AN ACROSTIC COMPETITION IS ALSO RUNNING.

On sale everywhere. Price Sixpence, or post free 6d. direct from the Publishers.

"LAND AND WATER ILLUSTRATED,"

12 and 13 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

2^D. TO-DAY 2^D.

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE-JOURNAL

(Price 2d.).

Contains in its issue, dated October 5th:

"GOD, THE BLACK MAN, AND SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR."

(A reply to the *Morning Post*).

"PEOPLE, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT."

No. IX.—The Coward.

By CECIL CLARIDGE.

"IN A GREEN CAFÉ."

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

"THE SEAT OF MOODS."

By W. H. KOEBEL.

"GRANADA."

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"A TEUTON IN TARTAN":

An Incident at Braemar.

By ALICE STRONACH.

"TYPES."

No. II.—The Unfortunate.

Full-page Sketch. By PAUL HENRY.

"A TRIP IN A SUBMARINE."

By GEORGE DOUGLAS.

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF NAPOLEON."

By LADBROKE BLACK.

BOOKS.

CITY CHATTER.

MASCULINE MODES.

CHESS.

CLUB CHATTER.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MOTORS and MOTORING.

CARDS. THE DRAMA.

All Subjects and all Interests are dealt with in

TO-DAY.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Johannesburg, Transvaal.

From the Directors' Report for August, 1904.

Gold Recovered.

From	BULLION.		FINE GOLD.	
	Total.	Per ton milled.	Total.	Per ton milled.
	Ozs.	Dwts.	Ozs.	Dwts.
Mill	11,406'44	9'990	9,924'375	8'700
Tailings	3,450'22	3'024	2,883'249	2'527
Slimes	809'70	0'700	678'300	0'595
Own Concentrates ..	598'30	0'525	560'529	0'492
Total from own Ore ..	16,264'66	14'957	14,046'953	12'314
Purchased Concentrates	781'87	—	742'375	—
	17,046'53	—	14,789'328	—

Expenditure and Revenue.

160 Stamps crushed 22,815 tons.

EXPENDITURE.

	Amount.	Per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining Account (including Development) ..	16,222 17 5	0 14 2'655
Milling Account	3,033 5 10	0 2 7'928
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts (including Vanning)	3,691 14 2	0 3 2'834
General Expenses (including Maintenance) ..	2,272 7 7	0 1 11'904
	25,220 5 0	1 2 1'301
Profit on Working	35,368 6 3	1 11 0'054
	60,588 11 3	2 13 1'355

REVENUE.

	Amount.	Per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gold Accounts—		
From Mill	42,051 4 4	1 16 10'358
From Tailings	12,145 5 1	0 10 7'265
From Slimes	2,545 17 3	0 2 5'669
From Own Concentrates	2,344 3 0	0 2 0'659
	59,090 10 2	2 12 0'751
Sundry Revenue—		
Rents, Interest, Profit on Purchased Concentrates, &c.	1,192 1 1	0 1 0'604
	60,282 11 3	2 13 1'355

No provision has been made in the above Account for payment of the 10 per cent. Profits Tax.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

From the MANAGER'S REPORT for August 1904.

Total Yield in fine gold from all sources	5,534'255 ozs.
Total Yield in fine gold from all sources, per ton milled	12'936 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5,600 Tons Milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining	6,233 3 4	0 14 5'949
Development Redemption	863 0 0	0 2 0'000
Crushing and Sorting	611 18 1	0 1 5'076
Milling	1,473 14 4	0 3 5'127
Cyaniding Sands	1,007 11 5	0 2 4'118
Slimes	441 12 5	0 1 0'324
Sundry Head Office Expenses	294 19 0	0 0 3'232
	10,922 13 7	1 5 4'326
Profit	12,559 13 6	1 0 2'508
	23,482 12 1	2 14 7'328
	Value.	Value per Ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Account—		
Mill Gold	14,215 8 6	1 13 0'738
Cyanide Gold	9,265 3 4	1 1 6'590
	23,482 12 1	2 14 7'328

No capital expenditure was incurred during the month.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year	1 8 2	1 10 4
Half Year	0 14 1	0 15 2
Quarter Year	0 7 1	0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

THE MOZAMBIQUE COMPANY.

BALANCE SHEET UP TO 31st DECEMBER, 1903.

Dr.	Cr.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Capital 1,000,000 0 0	Properties and Rights acquired 264,897 13 5
Unissued (141,113 Shares) 141,113 0 0	Shares and Debentures—
Issued Shares 858,887 0 0	2,455 Shares Companhia de Moçambique 2,455 0 0
Reserve Fund 10,202 5 9	60,540 Shares Beira Railway Company, Ltd. 25,722 15 6
Special Reserve Fund 16,689 19 7	5,283 Debentures Beira Railway Company, Ltd. 4,213 12 5
Securities Deposited as Qualifications (as per Contra) 18,646 0 0	10,000 English Consols, Credit F. Portugais 11,195 19 7
Bills payable 1,918 7 11	Participation in Sub-Concessionary Companies—
Dividend 1897—Balance 643 16 0	2,000 Shares Banga and Simlidi United, Ltd. 2,000 0 0
Suspense Account—	6,000 Shares The Consolidated African Co., Ltd. 6,000 0 0
Participations (as per Contra) 137,764 0 0	7,500 Shares Braganza Gold Mining Co., Ltd. 7,500 0 0
Certificates representing Share Interest in the Beira Railway Co., Ltd. 55,902 0 0	35,000 Shares Mozambique Macequece, Ltd. 17,500 0 0
(As per Contra) 122,764 0 0	1,000 Shares Fura Mining Company, Ltd. 1,000 0 0
	12,356 Shares Companhia do Luabo 12,356 0 0
	2,200 Shares Companhia da Gorongosa 8,800 0 0
	7,300 Shares Companhia Portuguesa das Minas d'Ouro de Manica 7,300 0 0
	2,000 Shares Companhia Industrial Africana 8,000 0 0
	1,000 Shares The Durban Oil and Soap Co., Limited 1,000 0 0
	10,000 Shares Companhia Colonial do Buzi 10,000 0 0
	4,000 Shares Companhia Agricola do Moribane 4,000 0 0
	15,551 Shares Companhia das Minas d'Ouro de Macequece 15,551 0 0
	36,577 Shares Revue (Manicaland) Gold Mining Company, Limited 36,577 0 0
	189 Shares Chimesi Exploration Co. 180 0 0
	100,000 Shares Beira Railway Company, Ltd. (deposited in Bank of Portugal) 55,000 0 0
	(As per Contra) 192,764 0 0
	Cash on Deposit 12,544 9 1
	Cash in hand (Lisbon) 44 7 11
	Cash in hands of Committees—
	In Paris 1,527 7 3
	In London 2,954 14 8
	Sundry Debtors 4,482 1 11
	Securities deposited as qualifications (as per Contra) 13,544 18 0
	Furniture 18,636 0 0
	Preliminary Expenses 909 12 5
	General Expenses, 1904 (Paid in Advance) 47,545 7 1
	Bills Receivable 278 16 4
	Administration in Africa (Balance) 60,831 10 2
	Less Amounts in Transit 4,464,939 13 4
	18,391 6 5
	446,548 6 11
	Deduct Loss on African Administration in 1903 20,383 3 8
	Balance as per Profit and Loss Account 426,165 3 3
	13,149 2 2
	£1,099,441 0 3

STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS IN 1903.

Dr.		Cr.
Expenses in Europe	£ s. d. 29,566 11 3	Receipts in Europe 30,980 12 9
Expenses in Africa :—		Receipts in Africa 124,408 14 3
In the Territory	£151,242 0 5	Deficit carried to Balance Sheet 23,149 2 2
Depreciation (subject approval of General Meeting)	21,545 17 6	
	<u>172,788 17 11</u>	
	£195,405 9 2	
		<u>£195,605 9</u>

Lisbon, 31st December, 1923.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.

THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION, brought up to the beginning of 1904, is

A COMPLETE RECORD of all TIMES AND NATIONS

COMPRISING

Remarkable Occurrences, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern—Nations and their Governments, Laws, Institutions, Manners, and Customs—The Origin, Development, and Progress of Arts, Sciences, Laws, and Learning—The Civil, Military, Religious, Moral, and Philanthropic Institutions of various Nations in the different Epochs.

Now Offered for the first time on the Instalment System.

The Prices are : Medium 8vo. cloth, **21s.** : Half Calf, **25s.** : Full or Tree Calf, **31s. 6d.**

The Work will be sent to you at once for 5s. down together with the accompanying

COUPON :

To the SATURDAY REVIEW, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me One Copy of "HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES," cloth, for which I enclose 5s., and agree to pay Five Monthly Instalments of 3s. 6d. each.* I undertake not to part with the work till the payments are complete.

Name.....

Address

Occupation

* If the purchaser wishes to have either of the better bindings, the first payment must be 6s. 6d. or 7s. 6d., and the instalments increased to either 4s. or 5s.

**A SELECTION FROM
MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS.
RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW BOOK
TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES.**

Crown 8vo. gilt top, 6s.

[Ready.]

**H. G. WELLS'S NEW BOOK.
THE FOOD OF THE GODS AND
HOW IT CAME TO EARTH.**

Crown 8vo. gilt top, 6s.

[Ready.]

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

THE FIVE NATIONS. By RUDYARD KIP-
LING. Medium 8vo. bound in Sateen cloth, with embossed gilt back and
monogram on side, 10s. 6d. net.

THE SIN OF DAVID. A Poetical Drama.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

[Oct. 23.]

**DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME
D'ARBLAY (1778-1840).**

As Edited by her Niece, CHARLOTTE BARRETT, with Preface and Notes
by AUSTIN DOBSON. With Photogravure Portraits and other Sketches.
In Six monthly vols. 8vo. £3 3s. net. (Sold only in Sets.)

EGYPTIAN AND OTHER VERSES. By
GEORGE COOKSON. Crown 8vo.

DIARY OF A CHURCH-GOER. Crown 8vo.

TWO VOLUMES OF LECTURES BY
EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., &c.

**WESTERN EUROPE IN THE FIFTH
CENTURY.** 8vo. [Shortly.]

**WESTERN EUROPE IN THE EIGHTH
CENTURY.** 8vo. [Shortly.]

FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE FLEET.

Glimpses through the Cannon Smoke in the Days of the Old Navy. By
EDWARD FRASER. Crown 8vo.

**THE NAPOLEONIC EMPIRE in SOUTHERN
ITALY AND THE RISE OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.** By R. M.
JOHNSTON, Author of "Napoleon: a Short Biography." With Maps.
2 vols. 8vo. 20s. net. [Ready.]

**THE NATIVE TRIBES OF SOUTH-EAST
AUSTRALIA.** By A. W. HOWITT. With numerous Illustrations and
Maps. 8vo.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

SOME ASPECTS of the GREEK GENIUS.

By S. H. BUTCHER, Litt.D., LL.D. Crown 8vo. 7s. net.

By the late CANON AINGER.

THE GOSPEL AND HUMAN LIFE. Ser-
mons by ALFRED AINGER, M.A., LL.D., late Master of the Temple and
Canon Residentiary of Bristol. Edited, with Preface, by Canon BEECHING.
Crown 8vo. 6s. [October 14.]

NEW VOLUME BY J. R. ILLINGWORTH, M.A., D.D.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. Being some
Lectures on the Elements of Christian Ethics. By J. R. ILLINGWORTH,
M.A., D.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d. [Ready.]

NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SEEKING LIFE, and other Sermons. By
the Right Rev. Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**SCIENTIFIC FACT AND METAPHYSICAL
REALITY.** By ROBERT BRANDON ARNOLD. 8vo. 10s. net. [Shortly.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE RUBY RING. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH,
Author of "Carrots," "The Cuckoo Clock," &c. With Illustrations by ROSIE
M. M. PITMAN. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. [Ready.]

THE STORY OF SYLVIE AND BRUNO.
By LEWIS CARROLL. In One Volume. With Illustrations by HARRY
FURNISS. Crown 8vo.

* * * MACMILLAN'S AUTUMN LIST OF ANNOUNCEMENTS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, London.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SCOTTISWODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton-
Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 8 October, 1904.

**MEMORIALS OF
EDWARD BURNE-JONES.**

By G. B.-J.

With 45 Photogravures and other Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. printed
on hand-made paper.

NEW WORK BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

THE ROAD IN TUSCANY. A Commentary.

By MAURICE HEWLETT. With over 200 Illustrations by JOSEPH
FENNELL. 2 vols. extra crown 8vo.

WAYSIDE ETCHINGS. By PHILIP PIM-
LOTT, A.R.E. A Series of 25 Etchings bound in a folio volume. The
Etchings are all printed by the Artist himself on India Paper, and are mounted
on the best cardboard. £5 5s. net.

THE BAB BALLADS. With which are in-
cluded Songs of a Savoyard. By W. S. GILBERT. With 350 Illustrations
by the Author. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. [Ready.]

FIFTY YEARS OF FLEET STREET: being
the Life and Reminiscences of Sir JOHN R. ROBINSON. By FREDERICK
MOY THOMAS. With Portrait. 8vo.

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Author of "The Adventures of
Captain Kettle."

Atoms of Empire.

ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

The Last Chance: A Tale
of the Golden West.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Whosoever shall
Offend. . . ."
[Oct. 11.]

OIDA.

Hellanthus.

ROSA N. CAREY.

At the Moorings. [Ready.]

EVERSLEY SERIES.—New Volume.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By JOHN MORLEY.
Globe 8vo. 4s. net.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.—New Series.

Crown 8vo. gilt tops, flat backs, 2s. net each.

ADAM SMITH. By FRANCIS W. HIRST.
[Oct. 15.]

THOMAS MOORE. By STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

New Volumes.

Pott 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. Also in cloth elegant, gilt back and gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.
Limp leather, gilt back and gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. By ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON. [Ready.]

SELECT POEMS OF CHRISTINA G.

ROSETTI. [Ready.]

LONDON LYRICS. By FREDERICK LOCKER-
LAMPSON. With a Preface and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON.